REAL TM





TURNING A BLIND EYE

HOW DID SEEDY SAVILE GET AWAY WITH HIS PERVERTED **CRIMES FOR** SO LONG?

BAD BLOOD IN THE FAMILY

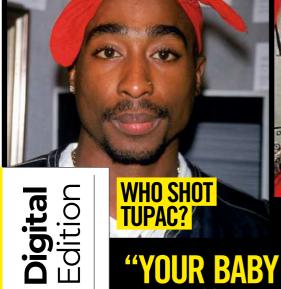
MARVIN GAYE DIED AT HIS FATHER'S BLOODY HANDS

THE TRIAL OF **PISTORIOUS**

UNDERNEATH THE MEDALS LURKED A DARKER TRUTH

A PLAYMATE'S SLAYING

JEALOUSY WAS HER UNDOING



TUPAC?

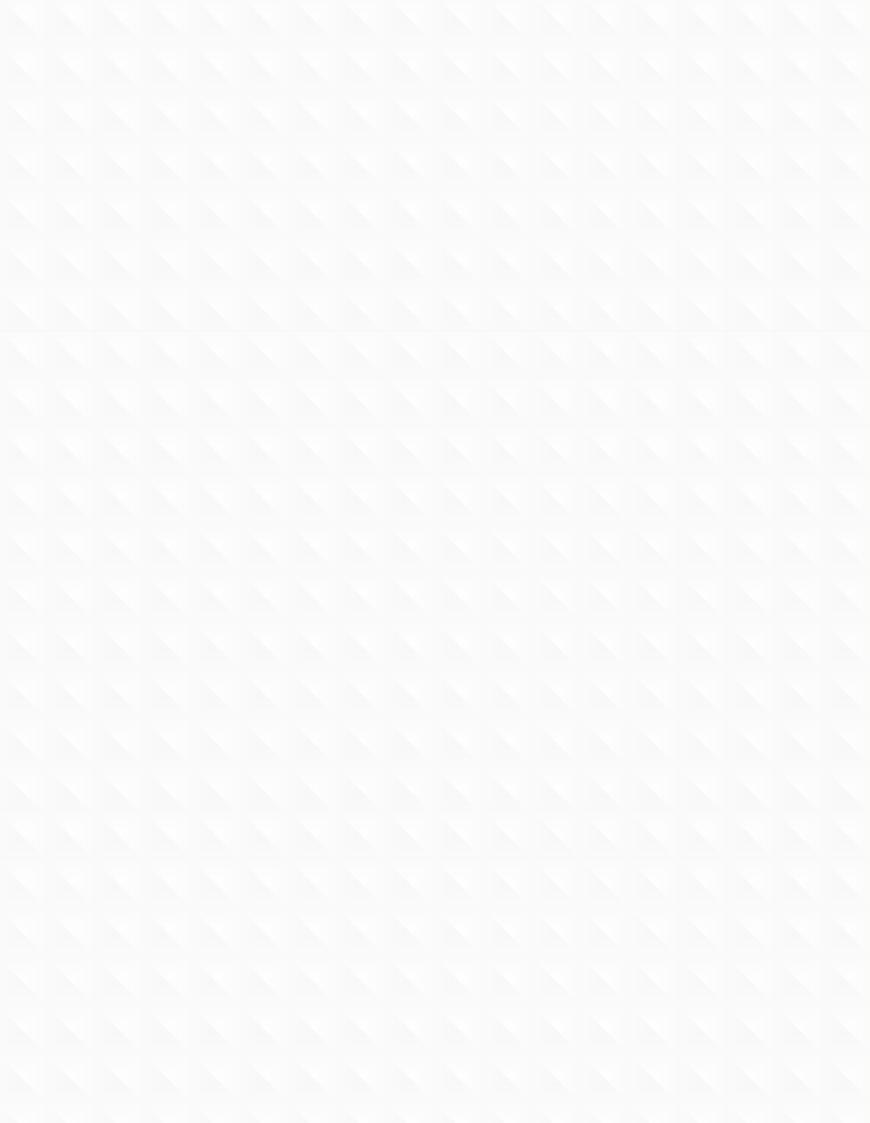




"YOUR BABY BELONGS TO ME"

HARD DRUGS AND THE SICK SECRETS OF PAEDO LOSTPROPHETS FRONTMAN IAN WATKINS

PLUS KIDNAPPING SINATRA — ASTRONAUT'S ROCKET RAGE — MUSIC GENIUS TIME BOMB — AND MORE





WELCOME TO

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CELEBRITY SPECIAL

Fame, fortune and an army of adoring fans – the life of a celebrity can be an enviable one. But what happens when the famous become infamous? In Real Crime: Celebrity Special, find out about those who abused their power to commit heinous crimes, from the sick perversions of Jimmy Savile and Ian Watkins, to the bloody slayings at the hands of Oscar Pistorious and Phil Spector.

Fame, however, comes at a price, and some celebrities have paid dearly for their notoriety. Elsewhere in the book, discover the tragic fate Playmate Dorothy Stratten, and examine the brutal execution of Jill Dando, whose determination to fight crime cost her her life.



L FUTURE



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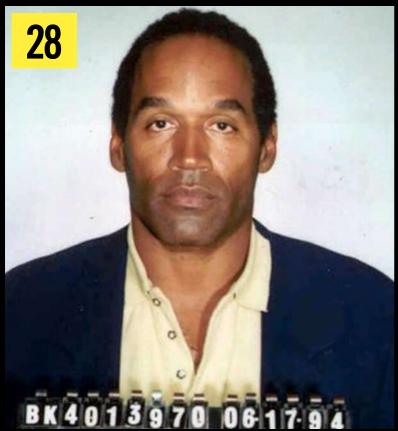
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ver at least six decades, Sir James Wilson Vincent Savile (OBE, KCSG) sexually assaulted and raped hundreds of adults and minors. He lived a full and privileged life as a successful DJ and television personality, adulated by the media for his charity work and idolised by teenagers as a celebrity demi-god of the insanely popular music chart show Top Of The Pops. He was rich, famous, and wielded the kind of influence that even the most powerful politicians in the UK can only dream of. Then he died - at the ripe old age of 84. He was eulogised in the papers and went to his grave with millions mourning the loss of a national treasure. And no one dared to - or perhaps even wanted to - investigate the insalubrious rumours that mounted in his wake, until he was almost a year in the ground.

It's been more than eight years since the Savile investigation began and most of Britain is still feeling cheated by a system that gave this man carte blanche to satiate his every sexual whim, at the expense of hundreds of women, many of whom were just young girls at the time. Why did he do it, when he could have had his pick of consenting adult women? Because he could. And because "Jimmy liked them young", according to an anonymous former Leeds City police officer. He caught Savile in his Rolls Royce with a young teen fan, in a secluded park in Leeds, at about midnight one night in 1965. Savile was 39 at the time and said that he was "waiting for 12 o'clock",

that the girl would be 16 the next day, and then told the officer to "get on your bike before you lose your job."

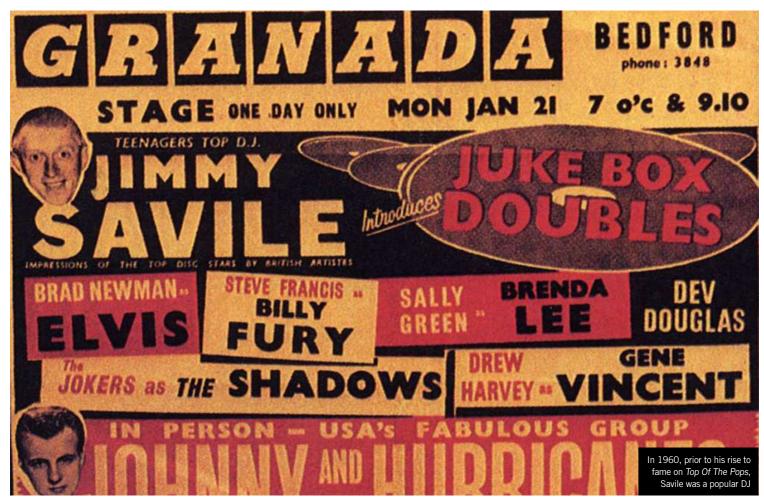
This begs the question: how did such a highprofile figure get away with so many sexual offences? And right under the nose of the authorities, and sometimes in full view of the public? The answer to this is more complicated. It involves private and public institutions that turned a blind eye to his brazen crimes and a UK culture steeped in misogyny that valued homegrown celebrity over the lives of hundreds of girls.

HARD START

Savile was born in 1926 in Leeds, the youngest of seven children in a Catholic family who lived through the Great Depression. He claimed that his Christmas present was to be taken to the toy store just to look at the toys, and he seemed to take some pride in that, describing himself as being "forged in the crucible of want" in a 1989 interview with The Times newspaper. Though, given any opportunity to buff his image, Savile would take it. He nearly died twice in his youth: the first time when he fell severely ill with pneumonia at just two years old, and the second when he was conscripted into a coal mine at the age of 18, as a part of Britain's World War II Emergency Powers Act. A controlled explosion that was intended to break open a rock face nearly killed him, and left him with spinal injuries that doctors thought would leave him unable to walk.

It was a twist of fate that allowed him to leave the mines and start a career as one of Britain's first DJs, spinning records in a hall for music fans who were willing to pay a shilling a time to dance the evening away. Within a decade he'd moved on to managing dozens of dance halls for the Mecca Leisure Group, where he earned a reputation for being heavy-handed with drunks and troublemakers. He also figured out a way to circumvent Musicians' Union regulations, so that he could play records rather than the live bands that he'd realised didn't have the draw of his DJing. Even then, he was cultivating his public image with a stint in professional cycling and wrestling; he physically stood out in these professions, with his long blond hair and odd mannerisms. There wasn't much of a career in it for Savile, but they added strings to his bow and raised his profile. No one ever accused Savile of being stupid, but even in the early years before police believed he was an active paedophile, he displayed the cunning and self-assurance that would allow him to manipulate parents, the public and authority figures in the future.

The trajectory of his career tilted skyward in the late 1950s after he became a Radio Luxembourg DJ, which led to the BBC offering him a job as the presenter of a brand new chart music programme in 1964 – *Top Of The Pops*. Over the next 20



"FOR THIS PROLIFIC PAEDOPHILE, THE ACCESS TO DOZENS OF STARSTRUCK YOUNG TEENS MUST HAVE BEEN A DREAM COME TRUE"



years, he hosted more than 300 episodes of this incredibly popular television show, during which time he developed his characteristic vocal tics and became known for his loud tracksuits and smoking fat cigars. According to the Operation Yewtree report, his crimes peaked over an eight-year period during this time. For this prolific paedophile, the access to dozens of starstruck young teens, who came to dance every Saturday, must have been a dream come true.

He had already been recognised for his charity fundraising when, in 1975, Savile's television career took a different track. He became the host of *Jim'll Fix It*, a television show in which the presenter would 'fix it' for a lucky few of the children who wrote letters to him – 350,000 of them every series at its peak, requesting everything from playing football with Kevin Keegan to visiting a Toby Jug factory. Over 20 years, until the final series aired in 1994, it became an institution in many British homes.

Though Savile played the role of the show's benevolent patriarch, his assaults continued unabated. Incredibly, a child's request was even faked to allow another paedophile to have a guest appearance on the show. In 1980, a 13-year-old girl was asked to write a letter to Jim'll Fix It, asking for her music box to be fixed. It meant Savile could invite antiques expert Keith Harding onto the show, a man who had been convicted of sexual assault against four children in the 1950s and was a ranking member of PIE, the Paedophile Information Exchange. This was a British organisation 250 members-strong, founded in 1974 and disbanded in 1984, that campaigned for the abolition of the age of consent - to legalise sex between adults and minors. It even received £70,000 in funding from the Home Office. Today, it's hard to imagine that an organisation with an ethos so morally and ethically bankrupt could campaign in public, but PIE sprung up in the spirit of 1970s liberation, exploiting the decriminalisation of homosexual acts and the shift in opinion towards the lowering of the age of consent between adult homosexuals. In 2007, the BBC described it as "an international organisation of people who trade in obscene material", perhaps not damning PIE as much as they could have.

HIS SECRET LOVECHILD

FOR ALMOST TWO DECADES JIMMY SAVILE HID THE EXISTENCE OF HIS YOUNG LOVER FROM BOTH HIS FRIENDS AND THE PRESS. BUT HE WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD KEEP A SECRET...

Throughout the 80s and into the 90s, during the peak of his crimes, Savile had a secret, torrid sexual relationship with a woman more than 30 years his junior. Twenty-year-old Donna Foot met Savile in 1982 outside the BBC television centre in London, while she was waiting for an autograph from Cliff Richard. He invited her up to his flat, gave

her his number and, after their third meeting, they consummated an on-off relationship that would go on to last 17 years. Foot had no idea about Savile's sexual assaults at the time and, in 1990, she told him that she would like to get married and have children. Savile told her that he never wanted to marry and that "the best thing about other people's

children is that you can give them back". He refused to be drawn on his responsibility for his actions, whatever they were. In 1999, Foot found out she was pregnant with Savile's child and, with Savile's words ringing in her ears, she had an abortion. Savile never knew about the pregnancy, but, a few months later, he ended their relationship.

★ CRIMINALS

SHOCKING BBC AUDIO

IN 2012, A 1975 AUDIO RECORDING FROM THE BBC RADIO SHOW SAVILE'S TRAVELS CAME TO LIGHT, IN WHICH SAVILE ASSAULTS AN UNIDENTIFIED YOUNG GIRL

Savile: "Who's your best pal? Tell me."
Girl: "I'm not telling you... Noel Edmonds."

Savile: "He's not." Girl: "Yes he is." Savile: "No he's not." Girl: "Get off me."

Savile: "Cause he's a married man."

Girl: "I don't care." Savile: "Yes you do." Girl: "Get off." Savile: "I won't."

Girl: "You're squashing me."
Savile: "Not until you say me."

Girl: "[giggles] Me."
Savile: "Say, 'I promise..."

Girl: "I promise."

Savile: "That you, Jimmy Savile..."

Girl: "You Jimmy Savile."
Savile: "...are the only one..."
Girl: "Are the only one."
Savile: "In my life."

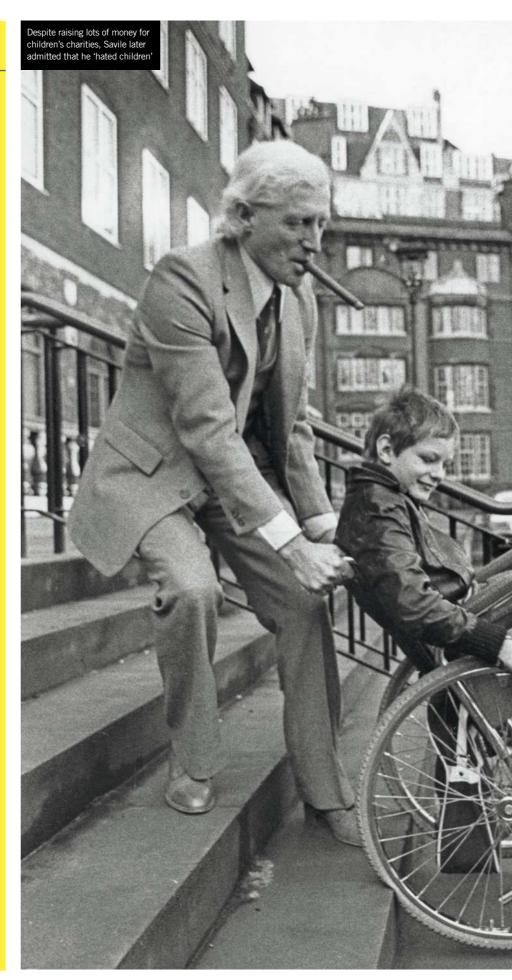
Girl: "No, you're not the only one in my life!" Savile: "And Noel Edmonds and all them others is

definitely...' [Savile grunts]"
Savile: "Who's your best pal?"

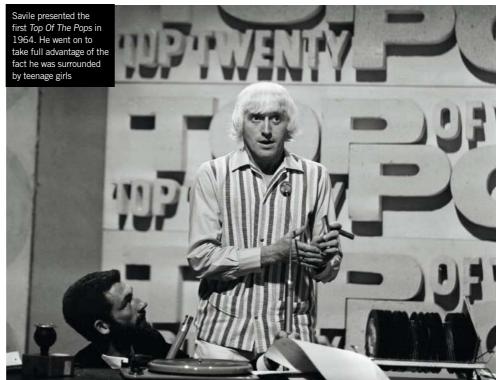
Girl: "You're the pal – get off my backside!"

Savile: "Eh? I beg your pardon? In front of your mummy and daddy? Goodness gracious."









Savile and at least some of those working on the show would have been aware of Harding's unsavoury past and the potential danger that they were putting the girl in by sending her and her brother to Harding's workshop. Thankfully they were chaperoned the whole time they were there.

Those who weren't fooled by Savile's on-screen persona were cowed into silence. John Lydon, frontman of the Sex Pistols, told the BBC in a recorded interview at the height of the band's fame in 1978 that Savile was on his celebrity 'kill list': "...He's a hypocrite. I bet he's into all kinds of seediness that we all know about but we're not allowed to talk about. I know some rumours - I bet none of this will be allowed out." Indeed, Lydon was banned from the BBC for a while after that interview and these controversial comments didn't make the final cut for radio. They only surfaced nearly 40 years after the recording was made, after Savile's death and in the wake of the Dame Janet Smith inquiry into the BBC's connection to Savile's crimes.

After the final season of Jim'll Fix It closed in 1994, Savile began to fade from our television screens, if not public consciousness. His charity work, for which he had been appointed an OBE in 1971, continued in earnest, despite him admitting in a 1991 interview that he 'hated children' and that he hadn't really any interest in charity: "It's just that I've got a knack, I think you're putting the cart before the horse there... I don't care whether I make [money] for me or somebody else, it's academic to me, as long as I'm having a go at making it." At the time this didn't stir as much controversy as you'd think - Savile's comments were written off as another one of his foibles and, whether he intended just to shock or whether he really meant it, what did it matter when he was

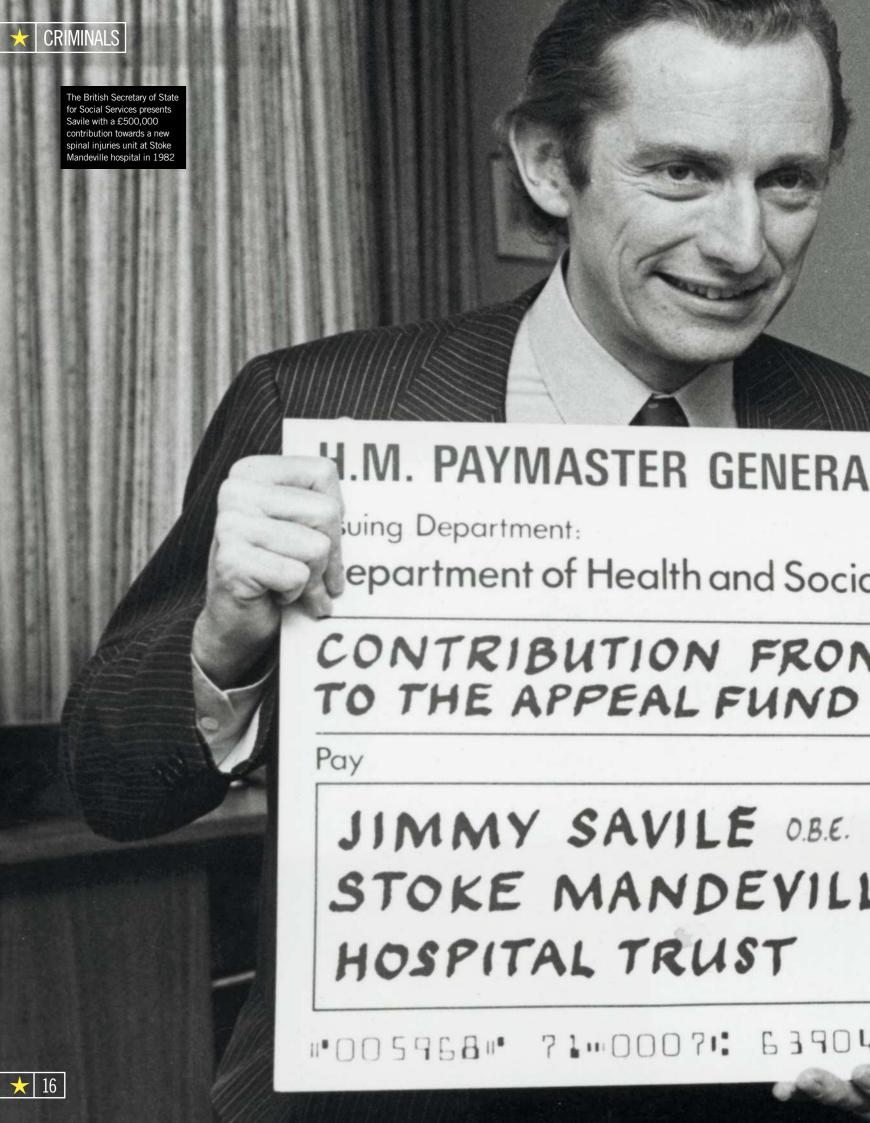
raising millions of pounds for worthy causes? It's only in retrospect, with the full weight of the evidence amassed against him, that it becomes clear these are the remarks of a wholly selfinterested individual lacking in empathy.

In 2000, documentary-maker Louis Theroux was breaking into more mature television when he featured Savile in his BAFTA award-winning series When Louis Met... Theroux shadowed Savile, who was 73 at the time, as he went about his life, flitting between his three homes in Leeds, Scotland and Scarborough. Although Theroux later said that he "had no interest in making a soft piece about Jimmy the charity fundraiser" and that he "wanted to get the goods on Savile", he said he wasn't sure what "the goods" were. All he had was hearsay of his sexual deviance. Nevertheless, Theroux challenged Savile in his own inimitable way on the rumours of him being paedophile, to which Savile addressed the comments he'd made a decade previously: "We live in a very funny world. And it's easier for me, as a single man, to say 'I don't like children', because that puts a lot of salacious tabloid people off the hunt."

Theroux then asked, "Is that basically so the tabloids don't pursue this whole 'Is he or isn't he a paedophile' line?" Savile replied, "How do they know whether I am or not? How does anybody know whether I am? Nobody knows whether I am or not. I know I'm not... That's my policy... That's what I do. And it's worked a dream."

It's as frank a public admission to being a paedophile as Savile ever gave: in his eyes there was nothing wrong with what he was doing and as long as he allowed himself to believe that, he would continue his charade.

In 2009 Savile defended glam rock star and convicted paedophile Paul Gadd, aka Gary Glitter,



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" I'D SAY HE WAS A PSYCHOPATH... WITHOUT A DOUBT "

saying that he "just watched a few dodgy films and was only vilified because he was a celebrity. It were [sic] for his own gratification. Whether it was right or wrong is, of course, up to him as a person." Gadd was given a four-month prison term in 1999 for having more than 4,000 graphic images of children on his computer and was deported from Vietnam in 2008 on child sex offences. Once again, these comments, which would be a damning indictment of anyone else's character, raised no red flag with the authorities. At the age of 82, Savile was considered a prized relic of the BBC's golden era and his views were a reflection of bygone attitudes; if anything, he was just a harmless old man.

In a 2016 interview with *Peston on Sunday*, Theroux said Savile was able to "hide in plain sight" by leveraging his "Influence, celebrity, the fact that he had powerful friends, and I think there was a dimension to do with a strange charisma that he had... in hindsight it's hard not to see that he was this malevolent figure now but at the time, he didn't feel that way."

A LUNATIC RUNNING THE ASYLUM

The influence and power that Savile had was not to be underestimated. He indeed had "powerful friends" who enabled Savile to continue offending, whether these friends were aware of this or not.

In 1988, health secretary Edwina Currie put Savile in charge of Broadmoor, the infamous high-security psychiatric hospital that has been home to many of Britain's most notorious serial killers and paedophiles. He'd been volunteering at the hospital for around 20 years but had no qualifications as a doctor, and certainly had no experience of running a challenging institution such as this. He wasn't even an NHS employee. Yet he was considered an "amazing man" who was appointed to the role by a senior civil servant and given the stamp of approval by Currie. The 2012 inquiry revealed that senior civil servants were aware of Savile's reputation with 'young ladies', yet pushed his appointment through anyway. It was hoped that he would resolve an ongoing industrial dispute at the hospital because he had

"information which gave him a hold over staff." Savile was given full security clearance to go anywhere he liked... and to do anything he liked.

In a 2012 Channel 4 interview, two nurses who worked in Broadmoor when Savile was in charge made some shocking revelations of the time he spent there. Psychiatric nurse Richard Harrison said that he and his colleagues thought Savile both had a severe personality disorder and an unhealthy interest in children, "He was regarded as a paedophile [by the professional staff] and the paedophile patients, many knew he was a paedophile." When asked why he didn't refer his issues with Savile up the hierarchy, Harrison paused and looked momentarily guilty, perhaps ashamed of his impotence to do anything. He replied, "What could you do? Who would take any notice?", echoing Savile's many victims over the years, who must have felt equally powerless in a system that was rigged against them.

Bob Allen was a staff nurse at Broadmoor from 1975 to 2001, and stumbled upon something concerning one night. He was walking around the perimeter fence when Savile's car pulled up outside the house he'd been given to use by the hospital while he was in charge. He stepped out of the car with a young girl that Allen described

JERSEY HOUSE OF HORRORS

AFTER CHILD ABUSE GOING BACK DECADES CAME TO LIGHT, POLICE INVESTIGATED A CHILDREN'S CARE HOME THAT SAVILE REGULARLY VISITED

Haut de la Garenne on the island of Jersey had been a care home for children for more than a century when, in 2008, police investigated allegations of child abuse from 192 victims. As well as sexual abuse from the staff, it's believed the home had become a haven for rich or powerful paedophiles, who would visit the home under the guise of celebrity or government business. A staggering 151 abusers were

identified by the investigation, seven of whom were prosecuted, though many had passed away. At the time, *The Sun* newspaper published a photo of Savile surrounded by children in the home, taken in the 1960s, that Savile's lawyers tried to block. There wasn't enough evidence that Savile was abusing children at Haut de la Garenne to question him. Since Operation Yewtree, however, police believe he was abusing girls there, too.



"HE DIDN'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT ANYTHING. A LOT OF OUR STAFF SAID HE SHOULD BE BEHIND BARS "



as being 15 years old at most, who he realised had been taking part in the village carnival that day. Allen greeted Savile, who nodded at him, then took the girl into his house. Minutes later he saw the lights go out. Allen sensed something wrong and immediately told his superior, who reported the incident. But the word came back that 'no one appears to be interested'.

Allen made just as damning an assessment of Savile as Harrison: "I'd say he was a psychopath... without a doubt. It's just the way his attitude was. His blasé attitude to everything, he didn't seem to care or worry about anything. A lot of our staff said he should be behind bars."

It wasn't long after Savile's tenure at Broadmoor that psychiatrist Anthony Clare arrived at a similar conclusion, after interviewing him for the BBC Radio 4 programme *In The Psychiatrist's Chair*. He said that if Savile had feelings that he was "unable or unwilling to accept them... there is something chilling about this 20th century saint." Forensic psychiatrist Dr Seena Fazel read the transcript of this interview along with Clare's notes, and in 2012 told *Channel 4 News* that she believed Savile's offending was driven as much by his lack of boundaries as his sexual urges, and that, "Clare's conclusion is that this is a man who has profound psychological problems."

What could have caused these psychological problems? Savile's early life was certainly characterised by hardship few have experienced today. He was the youngest of seven siblings whose parents worked long hours to support them, so he was denied the attention a child needs. The nearfatal accident when he was in his teens could have had long-term psychological and emotional damage that was never diagnosed. But whatever the reason why Savile assaulted children, it's no consolation for his victims and their families.

FALLING STAR

Savile had, in fact, been investigated by police before he died, in 2008. It was in relation to an allegation of indecent assault at the Haut de la Garenne children's care home in Jersey, in the



OPERATION YEWTREE

THE BRITISH POLICE INVESTIGATION INTO THE SEXUAL ABUSE OF CHILDREN BEGAN WITH SAVILE IN OCTOBER 2012 AND HAS LED TO SEVERAL HIGH-PROFILE CHARGES AND CONVICTIONS



DAVID PATRICK GRIFFIN

SENTENCE: 3 MONTHS (SUSPENDED)

Known professionally as the Radio 1 DJ Dave Lee Travis, Griffin faced multiple counts of indecent assault in court and was found not guilty on all but one of them.



MICHAEL SALMON

SENTENCE: 18 YEARS

Consultant paediatrician Salmon worked at the Stoke Mandeville hospital where Savile assaulted patients. He was convicted of two counts of rape and nine counts of indepent assault



ROLF HARRIS

SENTENCE: 5 YEARS, 9 MONTHS

The Australian musician, artist and entertainer was a media darling beloved by his adoptive country until his dramatic fall from grace in 2014, when he was convicted of 12 counts of indecent assault.



MAX CLIFFORD

SENTENCE: 8 YEARS

High-profile publicist Clifford was found guilty of eight counts of indecent assault on teenage girls. He died of a heart attack three years into his prison sentence.



PAUL FRANCIS GADD

SENTENCE: 16 YEARS

Gadd, aka glam rocker Gary Glitter, was first arrested in 1997 for downloading child pornography, then deported from Vietnam for child sex offences in 2006. In 2015, he was found guilty of attempted rape and indecent assault.



CHRIS DENNING

SENTENCE: 13 YEARS

In 2014, former Radio 1 DJ and Savile colleague Denning pleaded guilty to 41 charges of sexual assault on 26 boys over a 20-year period, from 1967-1987.



GEOFFREY WHEELER

SENTENCE: 50 HOURS COMMUNITY SERVICE

Another former BBC employee, Wheeler was charged with three counts of sexual assault but found guilty of just one, which occurred more than 30 years ago.



1970s. So when the police Operation Yewtree began investigating sexual abuse by Savile and others in October 2012, and Dame Janet Smith began her review, it wasn't such a shock for some. The stories, the photos, the audio and video footage came together to paint a sinister picture of this celebrity's life: a clip of him assaulting a teenager live on *Top Of The Pops* in 1976; a statement made by a witness who saw him molesting a brain-damaged patient at Leeds General Infirmary; a 14-year-old victim's statement who was raped by Savile in his BBC Television Centre dressing room in 1974... it's a long list of sex crimes, the seriousness of which range from indecent assault to raping a child.

Also in October 2012, a journalist from the *Daily Record* managed to track down a rare copy of Savile's crass 1976 autobiography, *Love Is An Uphill Thing*, and discovered that Savile had openly

boasted about his illegal sexual conquests in lurid detail: "A high-ranking lady police officer came in one night and showed me a picture of an attractive girl who had run away from a remand home. 'Ah,' says I, all serious, 'if she comes in I'll bring her back tomorrow but I'll keep her all night first as my reward." Savile goes on to describe how he found the missing girl at one of his dance halls and spent the night with her, before taking her to the police station, where "The officeress was dissuaded from bringing charges against me by her colleagues for it was well known that were I to go, I would probably take half the station with me."

The Yewtree report was published in January 2013, concluding that Savile had committed sex offences against 450 people from 1955 until 2009. The NSPCC described him as one of the most prolific child sex offenders since the organisation was founded in 1884. Most victims were teenage

girls under the age of 16, but, according to the children's charity, the youngest was just two years old. Yewtree found that many were too afraid or too mistrustful to report these attacks to the authorities. When the Dame Janet Smith report was published in 2016, it became clear that those who did complain about Savile were ignored, that the BBC staff "...saw what Savile was doing as harmless fun and [the victim] as a nuisance."

Savile's former friends, associates and even family members have since disowned him. But even those who have no connection to him, such as the broader public who may have grown up with Savile in their proverbial living rooms, feel like a terrible miscarriage of justice has been perpetrated here. The frustrating reality is that if Savile was just an ordinary working-class man from Leeds, he probably would've seen the inside of a prison cell long before the inside of his coffin.





LOVE TO THE LIMITS

HE WAS ONE OF FRANCE'S MOST FAMOUS ROCK STARS. SHE WAS AN EDGY ACTRESS FROM A EUROPEAN CINEMA DYNASTY. THEIR EXTRAMARITAL AFFAIR BEGAN WITH LUST — IT ENDED IN MURDER

WORDS ROBERT MURPHY

here were shouts. A scream. A crash. Was that a chair falling on the floor in the bedroom above, or something else? The tourist looked at his hotel clock. 2am. He called reception, and they sent a night porter to Suite 35, from where the bangs and yells had emanated. A dishevelled man answered the door and promised he would keep it down.

If this had been France, maybe the porter would have taken a step back with a gasp of hushed excitement. "Was that him?" perhaps he would have asked himself. But not here, not in Lithuania. This was just another foreign couple who were making too much noise in the early hours of the morning.

The noise that the tourist had heard from the room above was neither violent love-making nor a drunken squabble after returning from a nightclub. The dishevelled man, a famous singer idolised by millions, withdrew back into Suite 35, stripped his girlfriend's limp body and put her under the covers of their bed. Her head was still bleeding a little, but what should he do about that? He sat down and poured another drink. Under the duvet his girlfriend, one of the most famous faces in French cinema, slipped away into the coma that would eventually take her life.

Theirs was a love that shunned the conventions constraining the lives of the masses who bought his records or watched her films. They had their own set of rules. They were unorthodox, bohemian, creative, and the whole of France had been talking about their illicit love. She, from film royalty, had left her husband and children for the rock-god millionaire, who ditched his wife the day after she'd given birth to his child.

Within hours their amour would be under the spotlight – not for the passionate and public soap

opera of their trysts, but for the end of their affair. There was no heart-breaking goodbye, no return to their married partners. It was a violent clash of two lovers who had found a soul-mate late in life – inseparable, kindred spirits who were struggling to live with each other. Now, with the prospect of a goodbye hanging in the air, they could not live without one another. It was a vicious fight, and a film star lay, her face normally seen on cinema screens, bruised and bloody in a hotel bed as her life seeped away.

FROM CINEMA ROYALTY

Marie Trintignant grew up knowing she did not want to follow her parents into the world of cinema. Her mother, Nadine Marquand, was the accomplished producer, writer and director of more than 30 films. Her work *Mon Amour*, *Mon Amour* was nominated for the Cannes Film Festival's Palme D'Or in 1967. Her father, actor Jean-Louis, had starred alongside Brigitte Bardot in *And God Created Woman* and had a long, illustrious career in European cinema. He had received the Best Actor award at the Cannes Film Festival in 1969.

That was a dramatic year in the Trintignant family. Their infant daughter, Pauline, died in her sleep while the family was in Rome for a film-shoot. "We didn't know what had happened," Jean-Louis would later write. "Nadine and I only decided to continue living for the sake of Marie." Marie, just eight years old, was inconsolable.

Marie Trintignant had been born in Boulogne-Billancourt, a wealthy suburb in western Paris. She was a reluctant actress. Yes, when she was four years old she had appeared in her mother's *Mon Amour, Mon Amour*, but her dream was to be a



vet, not on film. Friends talked of a "pathological timidity", and the death of her sister left her further withdrawn, refusing to speak.

By the time she reached her teens, she had come round to the idea of following her family onto the screen. She had been hauled in front of the camera by her parents a few more times, anyway. She was slight, waif-like, and the roles Marie Trintignant played reflected that physical vulnerability: women from the edge of society. A prostitute in *Lulu* was perhaps her most celebrated role. But there were libertines and vamps along the way as her filmography grew. She wanted to "speak for those who do not deserve being spoken for".

Marie never achieved the greatness or the stardom that her father enjoyed, she was never quite A-list. Perhaps she didn't care. Her contemporaries, Charlotte Gainsbourg and Sophie Marceau, were the faces magazines fought to have emblazoned on their covers, the actresses needed for a glamorous red carpet event. Marie Trintignant was in the margins.

Her personal life also had a tempestuous, uncontrollable streak that would have suited one of her on-screen characters. "With me, nothing is definitive," Marie Trintignant once said. And a brief résumé of her erratic personal life shows little loyalty to one man. She had four sons by four fathers. First there was the musician Richard Kolinka, the drummer with the 1980s band Téléphone. He fathered her eldest son, Roman. But soon she was in love with an actor, Francois Cluzet, and later she would give birth to their son Paul. Her third son, Léon, was the result of a brief relationship with Mathias Othnin-Girard. But in 1998 came the most important lover in her life to that point - the writer/director Samuel Benchetrit. They married and had her youngest son, Jules.

with each of her lovers, even after she had left them for the next man in her life. She was still with Benchetrit, preparing to play Janis Joplin in a comedy called Janis et John when she told friends she wanted to see some live music. Someone suggested Noir Desir - Black Desire - and on 3 July 2002 she met the band's brooding singer for the first time. His name was Bertrand Cantat.

BLACK DESIRE Marie Trintignant managed to stay on good terms

SHE HAD BEEN HIT WITH 'MULTIPLE BLOWS TO THE FACE'... HER APPEARANCE WAS 'DISFIGURED, LIKE AFTER A BOXING MATCH'

Noir Desir had been one of France's best-selling bands for the last few years. They had formed years before, when they met at school and became friends. And after playing pubs and clubs, they finally hit the big-time in 1988. Their lead-singer was often compared with The Doors's Jim Morrison. Bertrand Cantat had dark, smouldering looks and his lyrics had an other-worldliness about them. But he also channelled his inner-Bono, and at the height of his fame Bertrand Cantat used his celebrity to highlight different causes, among them Free Palestine, Save the Planet, Anti-Globalisation and Combat Racism.

Cantat was married when Marie Trintignant first met him. He had wed art director Krisztina Rády five years earlier. They had a son together and she was expecting their second child, but very quickly the rock-god and vamp-actress became inseparable. The day after she gave birth to their daughter, Krisztina told Cantat to be with Marie.

They set up home together in Paris. But soon he followed Marie to Vilnius, Lithuania's capital, where she was filming a TV series she had co-written with her mother, and which Nadine Marquand was directing. Cantat, a man so used to being the centre of attention, for once found himself sidelined during the shoot. He felt ostracised on-set so spent long hours sulking in Suite 35 of the Domina Plaza hotel.

HER FINAL HOURS

The filming finally wrapped on 26 July 2003. In a





mysterious and chilling text message sent to her mother that day, Marie Trintignant wrote, "Be wise to my sorrow, and you will be more tranquil." She signed it "Fifille Battue", which translates as 'your battered little girl'. What did she mean? There were no signs of violence from her lover.

But it was another text message that would start it all off, one Marie would receive. She and her husband, the actor Samuel Benchetrit, were still on good terms. Their film *Janis et John* was due to come out and he suggested they should combine publicity interviews with a family holiday. Cantat was furious, and had spent the following hours trying to coax and cajole Marie into being firm with Benchetrit. They were exclusive now. He'd called his wife and told her, "I no longer want us to have close relations" and demanded that Marie should do this too.

There was a wrap-party and afterwards plans to go to a night club, but Cantat insisted they went to a friend's house instead. He drank red wine and vodka while Marie sat quietly on the sofa. Cantat had still not forgotten their on-going squabble and argued with her again about the text from her husband. She said nothing, and he threw a glass, smashing it. The friend later said in an affidavit that Cantat then pulled Marie to her feet before pushing her over. "I am nothing," declared the angry millionaire rock star. "You are everything and I am nothing."

They returned to Suite 35 of the Domina Plaza hotel, the argument over the text, her lover and the offer of a family holiday still on-going. Cantat

later said Marie hit him. According to his version of the events of that fateful night, he fell, rose and slapped her back. Marie Trintignant tumbled to the floor, hitting her head.

The autopsy told another story, showing she'd been hit with "multiple blows to the face, which caused cranial trauma, and blows to various other areas." A doctor who saw her said her appearance was "disfigured, like after a boxing match". Cantat said himself, "Everything happened very fast.

Never, never did I want things to happen that way. This hand should never have risen. And I do not accept myself having raised this hand. I know that I can do nothing. I know that I can only ask forgiveness as I have done since the beginning." He added, full of regret, "We lived an extraordinary moment, I loved Marie with all my being. I loved her and I'll always love her. I think of her each second and I'll always think of her. I can't erase her from my memory."

THE CURSE OF BERTRAND CANTAT

WHEN HE KILLED HIS LOVER MARIE TRINTIGNANT, CANTAT'S WIFE SUPPORTED HIM. BUT SHE WOULD DIE A MYSTERIOUS DEATH AS HE SLEPT IN HER HOME AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM PRISON

In January 2010 Bertrand Cantat spent the night at the house of his former wife, Krisztina Rády, in Bordeaux. He was sleeping downstairs. Their son Milo, 12, and daughter Alice, seven, were away. The following morning their children returned and, looking for his mother, Milo discovered her hanged upstairs. Cantat had been in the house all the time, yet had not noticed.

Later, it emerged Krisztina had called her parents months earlier and complained that

"a series of events worse than those of 2003" was taking place and she was being physically and psychologically abused by her husband. "Everyone thinks he's an icon, and everyone wants the best for him, but then he comes home and does these terrible things to me in front of the family," she is alleged to have said. Despite being arrested at the time, and a later campaign to get investigators to re-open the case, no action was taken by police against Cantat.

But the object of his love lay helpless and bruised at his feet. He did not contact the emergency services. After the complaint from the tourist downstairs, he stripped Marie and placed her in bed. Instead he picked up his phone and called firstly his wife, then the man he and Marie had argued over: Samuel Benchetrit. Marie's husband later said, "He said there'd been a fight. 'Nothing serious, things got out of hand. It's over, she's asleep."

At 4.30am Cantat called Marie's brother Vincent, who was also in Vilnius as part of the shoot. Cantat did not mention the fight but complained about being excluded from Marie's family. Vincent came over, and in the darkness he saw his sister in the bed. The two men talked for two hours. Then Vincent went over to the bed and saw Marie's disfigured face. It was Marie's brother who called the ambulance, not her lover.

Cantat made an attempt at taking his own life, downing vitamin C tablets and a couple of antidepressants. Meanwhile, a plane carrying one of France's most eminent neurosurgeons on board was scrambled from Paris to Lithuania. Marie Trintignant was brought back to France, where two operations to save her life were in vain. She died of a cerebral edema on 1 August.

Cantat was in custody in Vilnius when Marie died. He was not told of her fate immediately, as he was deemed too fragile to be informed. This fallen idol became a symbol of domestic abuse in France. While some were moved that his wife Krisztina came to Lithuania to support her cheating husband, others saw him as a symbol for male oppression. His house in France was burnt down and his family received death threats.

He told his murder trial in Vilnius in March 2004, "We loved each other and our love was growing." As Marie's mother sat in the courtroom, he pleaded with her family: "I would simply like to tell them of my despair." She looked away as he said, "I want to tell you this even if you are incapable of hearing it. I want you to know I loved Marie." Despite his professions of love, Nadine Marquand later described Cantat as "an assassin, whose regrets I cannot for one moment believe."

A STAR FALLS

On 29 March 2004 Cantat was sentenced to eight years in prison for committing murder with indirect intent. In September that year he was moved from Lithuania to serve the remainder of his sentence in a prison in the southwest of France. When he was released in 2007 it sparked outrage among many quarters of France. The then-president, Nicolas Sarkozy, was lobbied by Marie's powerful family to block Cantat's release, but this ultimately failed.

La Muete, a radical feminist organisation, made a statement, saying, "Four years in prison – is this the price to pay for such a crime? So-called crimes of passion are still too often considered with indulgence." In Cantat's first interview after release he told *Les Inrocks* magazine, "It's awful, despicable to have become the symbol of violence against women."

He has since tried to reignite his music career. Noir Desir split up, so he went and formed a duo called 'Detroit', but many musicians refused to work with the convicted killer. And when his name appeared on festival listings, there were public outcries. He was due to play a string of festivals in the summer of 2018, but an online petition signed by 70,000 people was enough to persuade him to cancel. In a statement in March 2018, "I paid the debt to which justice condemned me. I have served my sentence. I did not receive any privileges. I wish today, as any citizen, the right to reintegration. The right to exercise my profession, the right for my loved ones to live in France without being pressured or slandered. The right for the public to go to my concerts and listen to my music." But Marie Trintignant's family argues Marie had the right to life - a right he violently deprived her of when he beat her





LOVE TO THE LIMITS 🛨

savagely and refused to call emergency services, who could have saved the film star's life.

And in the wake of the Harvey Weinstein scandal, protestors say that allowing Cantat to perform "normalises violence against women". Friends of Bertrand Cantat and Marie Trintignant say that in their final weeks, the couple started to shun others: they became withdrawn from old friends, and in his case band members. "Marie is more important than everything. More than any music," Cantat said. Some have argued he saw in her something he did not possess himself. Was it membership of an establishment – albeit a cinematic one? A vitality, a connection with an audience? No matter how many people adored him, he had never been what she was. And if he could not have her, if there was a chance, however small, of her reuniting with her husband, then perhaps no one could have her? Poets might eulogise this as love to its limits. Others call it domestic abuse in its most extreme and tragic form.

THE ROCK STAR MURDERER

BERTRAND CANTAT ROSE FROM HUMBLE BEGINNINGS TO BECOME THE POSTER-BOY OF FRENCH ALTERNATIVE ROCK. HE SHOWED NO SIGNS OF MURDEROUS TENDENCIES

Bertrand Cantat was the son of a marine officer who had served in the colonial war in Algeria. He was born in Le Havre in 1964, but when his family moved south to Bordeaux, he ditched his parents' dreams of him qualifying as a lawyer and focused on rock music.

He formed Noir Désir with college friends and played pubs and clubs before getting the backing of a major label in 1986. They had sold nearly 3 million albums by the early 1990s. Cantat used his fame to highlight left-leaning causes,

including anti-globalisation efforts and the plight of the Palestinian people.

Cantat's energy was likened to that of Jim Morrison or Nirvana's Kurt Cobain. His lyrics and live shows brimmed with a seething power. Following his release, Noir Désir split. He has tried working with other artists, including as a duet called Detroit. He continues to pursue his issue-led subjects: in 2017 he released an anti-Brexit track called 'L'Angleterre'. He has not sung about domestic violence.





(IF) HE DID IT

THE OUTCOME OF THE OJ SIMPSON TRIAL WAS CONSIDERED BY MANY TO BE A FORGONE CONCLUSION — THE 'NOT GUILTY' VERDICT SHOCKED THE WORLD. SO IF OJ DIDN'T DO IT, WHO MURDERED NICOLE BROWN AND RON GOLDMAN, AND WHY?

WORDS BEN BIGGS

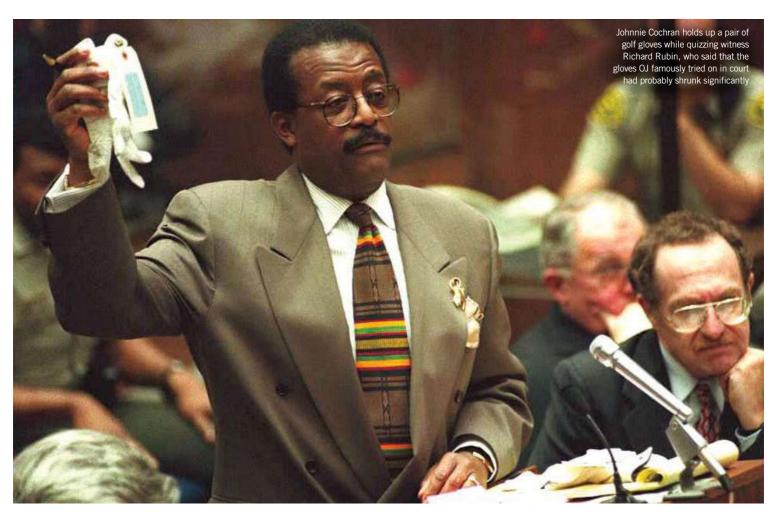
n 3 October 1995 at 10.05pm, after an intense 11 months of the most publicised trial in world history, the verdict was in. The defendant, OJ Simpson 'The Juice' stood to face the jury: "The Superior Court of California, county of Los Angeles in the matter of the State of California versus Orenthal James Simpson, case number BA097211. We find the defendant... not guilty of the crime of murder."

It takes a second or two for the tense anticipation to slip from the defendant's face. A smile plays at the edges of his mouth as he raises his right hand then mouths the word "thanks", presumably to the impassive lead juror who

continues to read out their verdict in a list of lesser charges. The prosecution had not been able to stick the main charges of two counts of first-degree murder to 'OJ', which would have resulted in concurrent life sentences. One of his lawyers, Johnnie Cochran, gleefully slaps OJ's back and briefly lays his head on the bigger man's shoulder, but the rest of the defence 'dream team' are more reserved. On the other side of the court, sobbing can be heard from the family of murdered bystander Ron Goldman. A grim-looking father, Fred Goldman puts his arm round his daughter Kim, but after nearly a year of shifting court strategy and still no closure, she's inconsolable. As

the lead juror verifies the verdict, OJ leans over to his lawyer Robert Shapiro and whispers into his ear, "You'd told me this would be the result from the beginning. You were right." While the murders of OJ's ex-wife Nicole Brown and waiter Ronald Goldman were particularly bloody, the violence implied by the crime scene alone doesn't warrant the scrutiny the case has had in the two decades since. Neither does the fact that the prime suspect was a former superstar sportsman, actor and American hero justify the infamy this trial has garnered. More than that, it was a cosmic alignment of factors that included: the team of lawyers and dynamic personalities assembled for









LEFT LA criminalist Andrea Mazzola uses a gloved hand to remove Nicole's mother's glasses from an envelope, which was brought to the crime scene by Ron Goldman

both the defence and prosecution, the mishandling and planting of evidence by the LAPD, the use of DNA evidence in a trial of this magnitude for the first time, and then of course the verdict. Lead prosecutor Marcia Clark had what she felt was overwhelming evidence of OJ's guilt, but realised very quickly that a conviction was unlikely, partly because OJ was an incredibly popular personality in the US. Before his trial in 1994, a straw poll showed that 22% of black Americans and 70% of white Americans thought OJ was guilty. It was just two years after four white police officers were acquitted of using excessive force in the arrest of black trucker Rodney King, and as far as many African-Americans were concerned, the cops were just fitting another black man up. The same poll shows which way public opinion has been

leaning over the years – in 2015, those percentages were clocked at 53% and 87% respectively. Even so, Marcia Clark told NBC News in 2016 that she didn't "know whether he would be convicted today" because "all these police shootings and all the racial mistrust that has been exposed, probably what would result, in my opinion, is a hung jury." But in the wake of the 2018 release of OJ's interview with Reganbooks publisher Judith Reagan, in which he describes 'hypothetically' how he murdered Brown and Goldman, might the verdict be more definitive today?

THE FACE OF LOVE

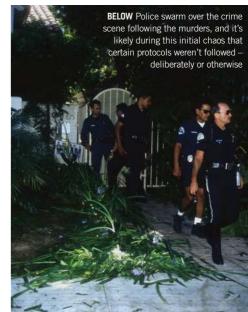
OJ was the first port of call for the cops. The pursuit of other suspects and alternate theories as to why Ron and Nicole were murdered were never really taken seriously. Friends, family or partners often come under suspicion in murder cases, and if we look closely at OJ and Nicole's tempestuous relationship, you can see why investigators felt they had their man from day one.

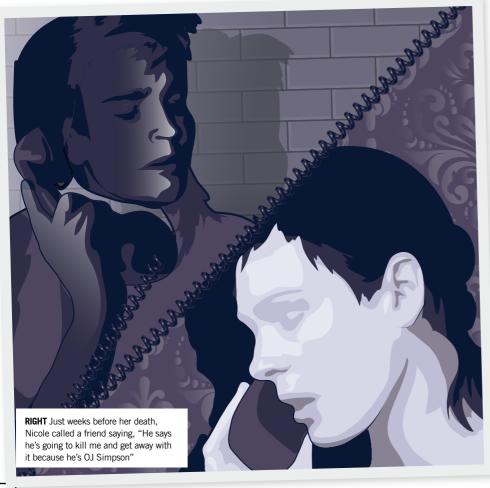
They met one morning in 1977 at a Beverly Hills cafe where Nicole was working as a waitress.

"YOU CAN SEE WHY INVESTIGATORS FELT THAT THEY HAD THEIR MAN FROM DAY ONE"

← CRIMINALS









She was a fresh-faced, ambitious and pretty 18-year-old, while OJ was a 30-year-old running back NFL hero: athletic, handsome, wealthy and at the peak of his sports career. If Nicole was putty in his hands then OJ, on the downswing of his marriage to high-school sweetheart Marguerite, was equally susceptible to her charms. Three days later OJ asked Nicole out, and that sounded the death knell for his relationship with his first wife. They divorced in 1979, Nicole and OJ married in 1985 and then had two children, Sydney and Justin, before things really began to take a turn for the worse in 1989.

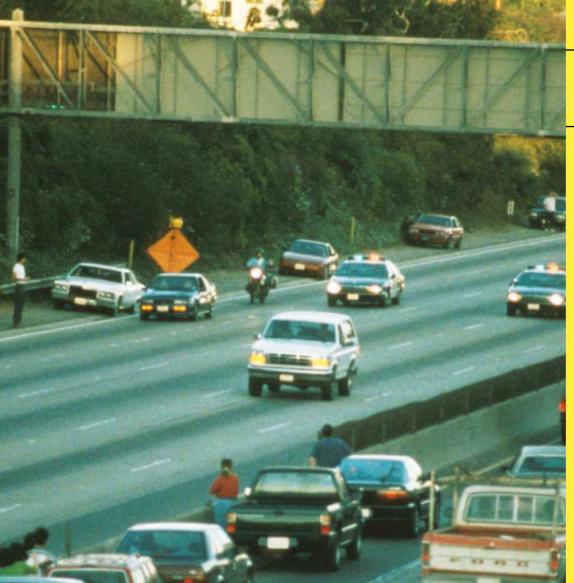
By this time the Simpsons had a well-rehearsed facade. The public saw a retired sports star, celebrated commentator and budding actor with an equally glamorous wife, both living the American dream. But on New Year's Eve 1989, a sweet end to a party with OJ's friend Marcus Allen and his fiancée was soured by an argument between the Simpsons over suspected infidelity.

It resulted in OJ, by his own admission, "getting physical" and throwing Nicole "with no concern for her well-being" out of his plush Rockingham Avenue mansion in uptown LA. Next thing, the police had arrived, finding Nicole bleeding, frantic and swearing that OJ was going to kill her. OJ was arrested and charged with spousal abuse for the incident, receiving a \$700 fine and 120 hours of community service. But if there was any lesson he learned from that incident, it was either to be more discreet in administering his beatings, or carefully manage the resulting fallout.

Domestic abuse can involve a spectrum of interwoven psychological factors – control, or the perceived lack of it, being a powerful motive to violence for OJ against his wife. He had learned years before how merely threatening Nicole could shift the power in his favour. He also learned how to manipulate the cops: in an infamous 1985 incident, OJ took a baseball bat to the windshield of Nicole's car, shattering it. When the police

arrived to find Nicole in hysterics, OJ calmly told them, "She's my wife. She's okay. I broke the windshield. [The car] is mine. There's no trouble."

A pattern was established in the Simpson household of escalating domestic violence followed by police call-outs. And the cops who responded to these incidents, it seems, were largely blasé about it, or at least the usual reports weren't filed. OJ had an uncanny ability to switch from the incandescent rage that only a handful of people have been subjected to in private, to his charming, genial public face. That's what the LAPD got. Each visit must have been a breath of fresh air for the responding officers, more used to the cracked payements and boarded derelicts of downtown Los Angeles, Skid Row and their ilk. They'd roll into one of LA's richest neighbourhoods, up to OJ's opulent 360 North Rockingham Avenue estate, get greeted with coffee by one of the most famous faces in the USA, offered a frank explanation of what had happened and a sincere



CHASING OJ

OJ SIMPSON MADE A STRANGE, DESPERATE GETAWAY THAT TURNED INTO A LOW-SPEED CAR CHASE

On 17 June 1994 OJ was due to hand himself over to the LAPD as their prime suspect. But when he got into that famous white Ford Bronco, instead of driving directly to the police station he instructed his driver to go for a ride. "OJ didn't show up," chopper pilot and reporter Zoey Tur told Real Crime magazine in 2015, "I, like other members of the media, was stunned, so I decided that I was going to find OJ." Rather than leave the cops to find the fugitive first, Zoey decided to get ahead of the rest of the press pack by using her chopper and by monitoring radio communications of the FBI and LAPD. It paid off with a scoop: "We went to the El Toro Y, which is a freeway intersection... at that point we saw the white Bronco. Within a matter of minutes there was a Sheriff's unit behind the car. The driver, Al Cowlings, didn't pull over, so we were pretty sure that was the correct white Bronc... within maybe five minutes there were over a dozen units following."

Perhaps one of the more unusual aspects about this chase was its plodding pace, mostly around 56kph, in which the police kept an almost respectful distance from the Bronco. "Usually you tend to believe that pursuits are about getting away," Zoey recalled, "In this particular case is wasn't about getting away, it was simply trying to keep Simpson alive... Mr Simpson was armed with a handgun. And suicidal... I was hoping he would kill himself and do the right thing."







apology for wasting their time. Then a joke, a bit of a laugh shared between men and equals: she's overreacting – you know what women can be like.

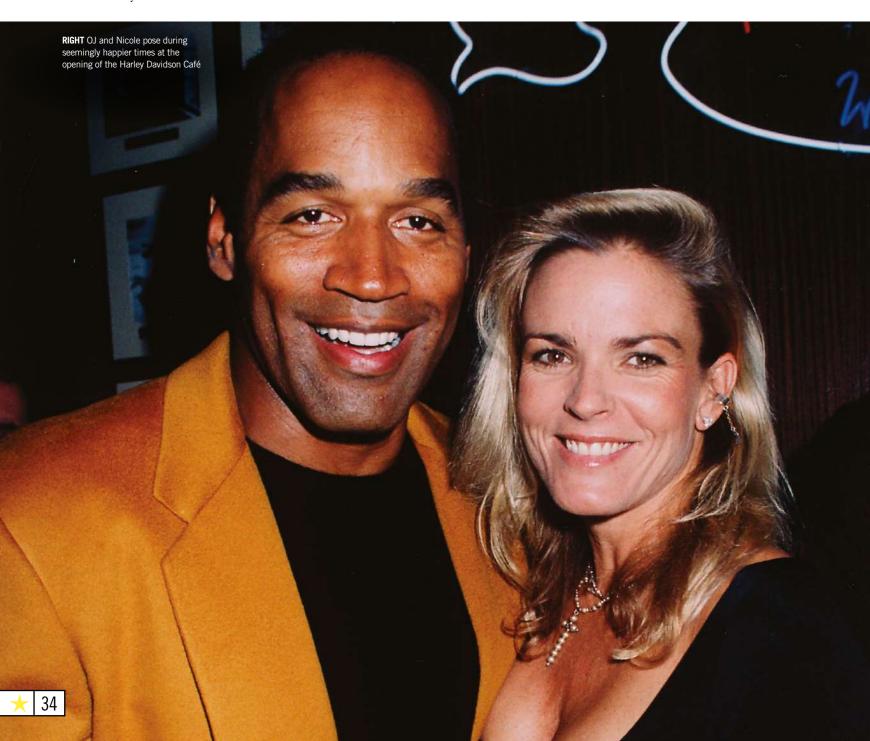
With little in the way of support from the authorities, Nicole did what she could to build her own case against her abusive husband. With the help of her sister, she kept a diary of the beatings and took photos of her injuries. Maybe she simply wanted enough of a case to ensure the divorce courts would be sympathetic towards her. But the prosecution at OJ's trial insisted that Nicole knew that he would one day kill her and, when that happened, she'd have left hard evidence that would ensure OJ wouldn't get away with it this time. There was no fixing this marriage either way, and on 25 February 1992 Nicole filed for divorce.

Even then, this didn't put a stop to the abuse. Still connected by two young children, OJ was able to find ways to intimidate and beat his wife using Sydney and Justin as his excuse. He would disapprove of any men Nicole brought around the house because, apparently, he didn't want the children exposed to whatever inappropriate things they might be up to. OJ was accused of stalking Nicole while she was on a date with the owner of Brentwood eatery Mezzaluna Trattoria, Keith Zlomsowitch. That evening OJ followed her back to her Gretna Green Way home a few streets down from Rockingham Avenue, looked through the window and saw her being intimate with another man, then struck her door with his fist in anger. The following day he confronted her in her own home, as he had done many times before, in front

of her new lover. "I watched you last night," OJ told Nicole, according to Zlomsowitch, "I can't believe you would do that in the house. I watched you." But then he turned to Zlomsowitch as he left and immediately composed himself. OJ shook his hand and said, "No hard feelings right? You understand, you know, I'm a very proud man."

Nicole and OJ dipped in and out of relationships and lovers over the next year before making a reconciliation of sorts for the sake of their children. OJ said that Nicole at this time told him she had slept with his best friend Marcus Allen, which Allen denies, and that she was having "drug and sex parties" at the house when the kids

"ON 25 OCTOBER 1993, A TERRIFIED NICOLE ASKS FOR POLICE ASSISTANCE AS OJ FORCES HIS WAY INTO THE HOUSE IN A JEALOUS RAGE"



were there. In an infamous 911 emergency phone call on 25 October 1993, a terrified Nicole asks for police assistance as OJ forces his way into the house in a jealous rage, shouting, "You didn't give a fuck about the kids when you were fucking Keith in the living room!"

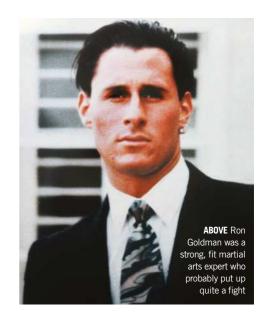
The final break-up, before their split was made truly irreconcilable, was on 22 May 1994. OJ had tried to win Nicole back with yet another expensive gift, which Nicole returned. "It's over, I broke up with him... I told him I can't be bought," she told her friends.

Three weeks later, shortly after midnight on Monday 13 June 1994, a passer-by made a grim discovery at Nicole's new home at 875 Bundy Drive: a bloody trail led past the gate, up a few metres of paving stones to the body of Nicole Brown, curled in a foetal position at the bottom of the steps. To her right, just out of sight for anyone looking in from the pavement, was the body

of Ron Goldman. Both had been slashed and stabbed multiple times, injuries that penetrated deep into organs and vital blood vessels, any one of which could have killed them alone. The entire scene was red-slick. This was overkill.

THE INVESTIGATION

The LAPD phoned OJ just hours later on the Monday morning. While it made sense to inform Nicole's next of kin, the cops also wanted to speak to her ex-husband to eliminate him from their inquiries. OJ had flown to Chicago late that previous evening to do a promotional golf tournament for his sponsor, hire car company Hertz. What happened in his hotel immediately following that phone call only OJ could know, but it became one of many points of contention in the trial. OJ said he went to the bathroom and slammed a glass down without really thinking about it. The glass shattered, cutting the middle



finger on his left hand. When OJ returned to LA, police noticed and photographed the cuts on his finger. His volatile relationship with Nicole already made him a suspect and police began to suspect that these cuts were made by the fingernails of one of the victims.

Forensics had a lot of material to work with at the crime scene too. With that much blood present, the killer(s) couldn't have got away without being covered themselves. Nicole's blood was found on a pair of OJ's socks, both victims' blood was found in OJ's Ford Bronco, and bloody footprints from the crime scene matched the size and brand of shoes that OJ wore. One piece of evidence, the keystone for the prosecution, was a single leather glove covered with both the victims' and OJ's blood, found at the Bundy Drive crime scene. The matching pair was found at OJ's Rockingham home.

It wasn't looking good for OJ, especially after he turned fugitive and gave a helicopter reporter for CBS News the scoop of a lifetime, in a live broadcast of the police chase so compelling that it interrupted game five of the televised 1994 NBA finals. The weight of all this circumstantial evidence should have been a slam-dunk for the prosecution, but there were problems.

One of OJ's defence attorneys, Johnnie Cochran, described the crime scene as "a cesspool of contamination" - and he wasn't wrong. The LAPD's procedure for gathering evidence was sloppy. Inexperienced technicians hadn't packaged evidence properly, there was no clear recorded chain of custody and sources could not be explained. It turned out that the blood on OJ's socks was only found two months after the murders, and experts for the defence argued that it had been smeared on when they weren't being worn. These experts left any conclusions to be made for the defence attorneys, and the dream team was quick to capitalise. One police officer was even allowed to take a blood sample from OJ and carry this vial to and from



CRIMINALS

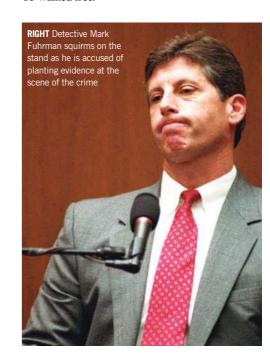




the crime scenes. Again, the defence argued that this was used to plant evidence and incriminate OJ Simpson.

Over the course of the trial, the dream team was able to either convince the judge to make certain exhibits inadmissible, or to cast doubt over their integrity as evidence of OJ's guilt. Marcia Clark's towering case for the prosecution was looking more like a house of cards, and the defence was about to bring it down. Detective Mark Fuhrman, the cop who had found key items of incriminating evidence - including the glove recovered from OJ's estate - had gone on record to say he wasn't a racist. At least, not since admittedly using a racial epithet ten years prior. The defence subsequently uncovered audio tapes of a Fuhrman interview recorded just a few years previously by screenwriter Laura Hart McKinny for a script. Here, this crooked cop repeatedly drops the n-bomb and boasts extensively about flouting police procedure, beating and even killing suspects, and the many ongoing investigations internal affairs had on him. As this audio was played to the jury, the need for the defence to pick holes in both the evidence and Fuhrman's character simply evaporated. When Fuhrman eventually took the stand and was asked directly whether he had planted evidence at the scene of the crime, his credibility was in tatters and he knew it. To avoid incriminating himself and facing his own court case, he pleaded 'the Fifth'.

By the time of the most famous OJ Simpson trial scene, in which OJ tried unsuccessfully to pull the Rockingham glove over his right hand, many of the gobsmacked jury might already have made their minds up. But this piece of pure court theatre finally brought the prosecution's initially strong case tumbling down. "If it doesn't fit, you must acquit," chimed Johnnie Cochran in his closing statement to the jury. And so they did, and OJ walked free.



THE AFTERMATH OJ WALKED DESPITE THE EVIDENCE — WERE THERE OTHER PERPETRATORS?

Crackpot theories on the Brown-Goldman murders abound, but some have more traction than others. Private investigator William C Dear spent 18 years investigating the case and came to the conclusion that it was OJ's son Jason, from his first marriage, who committed the crimes. The 24-year-old was on probation for attacking a former employer with a knife at the time and had a prescription for the drug Depakote to control his intermittent rage disorder, which can result in explosive outbursts of anger and violence. Among other evidence, Dear cited that there were hair fibres from an African-American found at the crime scene as well as 15 separate unidentified fingerprints: none belonged to OJ. In Dear's book, O.J. Is Innocent And I Can Prove It (possibly more inflammatory a title than that of OJ's 2006 book), Dear railed against the false assumptions made by the LAPD and suggested that OJ didn't kill Goldman and his ex-wife, though OJ did show up at the scene of the crime shortly after it happened.

There are two other, less plausible theories. One was raised in court: according to defence lawyer Johnnie Cochran, Nicole had housed an addict – her friend Faye Resnick – who was in debt to drug lords and that the two had borrowed money to open a Starbucks cafe. The Colombians had come knocking at Nicole's place that night looking to make good on the debt one way or another, and Nicole was unable to pay. Cochran actually pressed LAPD detective Tom Lange on this point at the trial, suggesting that the way Nicole and Ron were killed was in a similar style to that of a Colombian neck-tie, where the throat is cut deeply and the tongue pulled out of the wound. Lange was easily able to swat away Cochran's effort to undermine him as a witness, saying "The fact that a victim's friend uses drugs is of very little consequence to me... every bit of evidence that I have in this case points towards the defendant."

The final theory is even more spurious. After his arrest in 1995 and conviction for two murders, 'cross-country killer' Glen Rogers claimed that he had murdered the pair. In a letter to OJ's manager Norman Pardo, Rogers said he met Nicole having worked on her house, then partied with her. He also said OJ had hired him to break into Nicole's house and steal a pair of \$20,000 earrings, and that OJ had said, "You may have to kill the bitch." Ultimately, there was nothing to connect Rogers

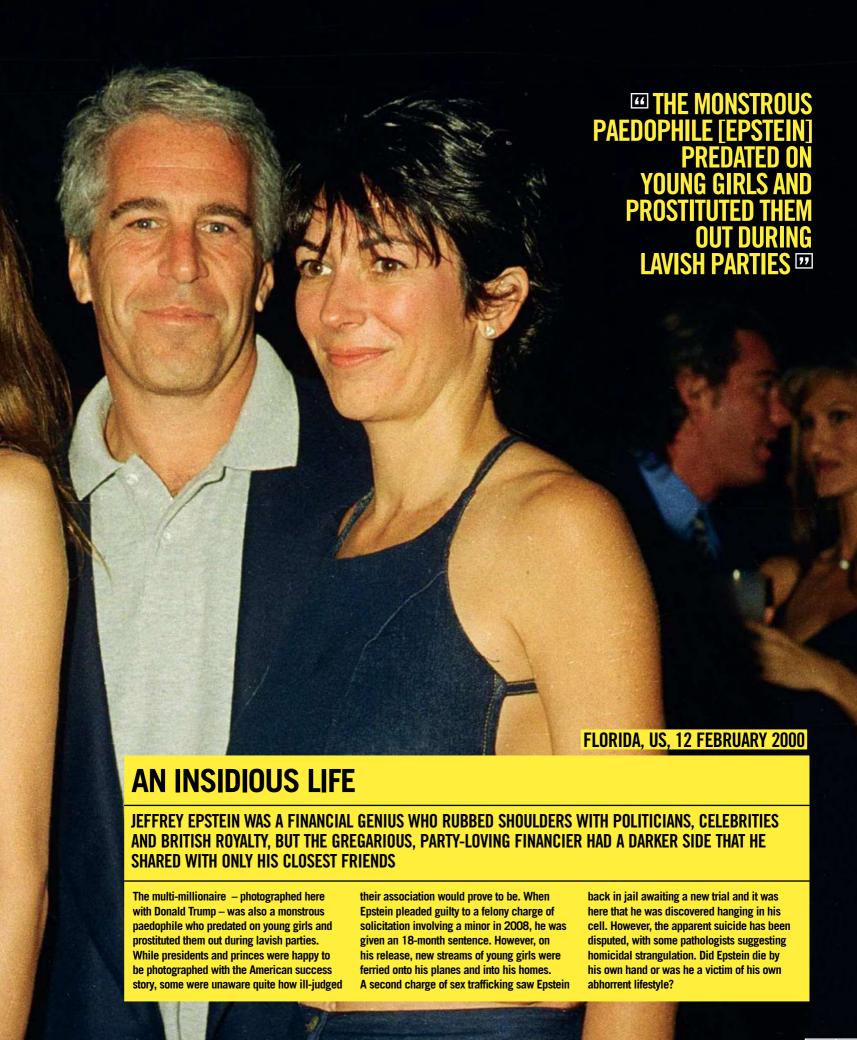
to the crime scene. He was already facing a death penalty so the cross-country killer had nothing to lose. In retrospect, it's small wonder the police made only a cursory effort to look into his claim: he wasn't the first and won't be the last serial killer to seek further notoriety by falsely claiming responsibility for a high-profile murder.

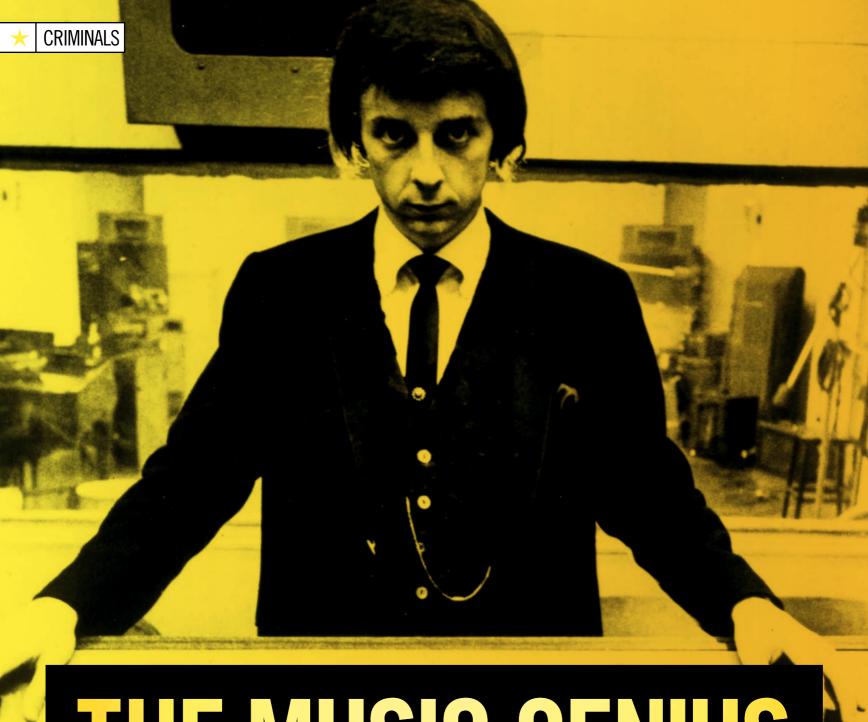
In the wake of the trial's conclusion, the families of the victims have never had any doubt about who murdered their son and daughter. In 2006, the Goldmans and the Browns sued OJ in separate civil suits. This time OJ was forced to testify on his own behalf and, with a lesser burden of proof required, the plaintiffs were successful and were awarded nearly \$50 million, forcing OJ into bankruptcy.

Today, the Goldman-Brown murders are still an open investigation for the LAPD, although it's not a case they're actively pursuing. Even some of the original jury members admit to thinking that the killer was in court at the time. According to Lon Cryer, juror 247 in the criminal trial, his not guilty verdict "wasn't based on whether or not I really thought he did it or didn't do it... The only thing that trial did was raise reasonable doubt in my mind about whether he was the perpetrator or not."









THE MUSIC GENIUS TIME BOMB

HUNDREDS OF MUSICAL ICONS OWE THEIR SUCCESSFUL LIVES TO PHIL SPECTOR, BUT TO ONE WANNABE MOVIE STAR, HE WAS NOTHING LESS THAN THE GRIM REAPER

WORDS JOANNA ELPHICK





y the late 1990s, Lana Jean Clarkson's career as an actress and model was looking distinctly unhealthy. Never an obvious contender at the Oscars, she had managed to carve out a prime position as one of Roger Corman's gorgeous, blonde, female warriors in a series of campy fantasy films, but as she had approached her 30th birthday, the sexy roles began to dry up and she had been forced to work in commercials and take minor television roles. Her cult status as a B-movie queen meant that she was still popular at comic book conventions, but selling signed copies of her straight-to-video cassettes and raunchy colour photographs was not how she had imagined her career would play out, and it certainly didn't provide her with any kind of financial security. But however dire the situation appeared at that time, sadly, things were about to get much worse.

By January 2003, Lana had started working at the House of Blues, a popular live music concert hall and accompanying restaurant in West Hollywood, California, in order to pay the bills. It was here, a month later in the small hours of 3 February, that the 40-year-old 'Barbarian Queen' caught the eye of Phil Spector as she busied herself managing the VIP area. It must have been an exciting moment when the musical maestro suggested the pair go back to his place to watch movies and have a good time, but as he helped her into his shiny limousine, Lana had no idea she was taking the last ride of her life. The following day, her picture would be splashed all over the front pages of the newspapers, but she would not be available to sign them for her shocked fans.

YOU'VE LOST THAT LIVIN' FEELIN'

In the springtime of 1949, Spector's father, Ben, committed suicide, leaving behind a grieving widow, Bertha, and a shocked ten-year-old son. This was his first taste of abandonment but it would not be his last, and the fear of desertion and rejection would shape his erratic actions for the rest of his life. A tombstone was erected and on it were inscribed the words: 'Ben Spector. Father. Husband. To know him was to love him.' Young Phil read and re-read the inscription, taking in the sudden loss and soaking up the phrase that would one day inspire his first Number One, *To Know Him Is To Love Him.*

Having left New York for the sunnier climes of Los Angeles, it soon became apparent to Bertha that her son was extraordinarily musical and she was quick to nurture his talents, paying for guitar lessons and records whenever money allowed. By high school, Spector had ingratiated himself with a gaggle of talented musicians and it wasn't long before he had formed his first group, The Teddy Bears. Although the group didn't stay together for long, Spector began writing hit after hit and, at the tender age of 21, co-founded his first record label. His ability as a superb musician and songwriter coupled with a canny business acumen soon earned him the title 'First Tycoon of Teen'.

★ CRIMINALS

Over the following decades, Spector worked with a multitude of stars, from John Lennon to Leonard Cohen, Tina Turner to the Ramones, and, having been inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1989, followed by an induction into the Songwriters Hall of Fame eight years later, it seemed that the name Phil Spector would forever more be linked with the moniker of 'music impresario'. However, today, following his fateful meeting with Lana Clarkson, he is more commonly referred to as a cold-blooded killer.

THEN HE KILLED ME

Adriano De Souza would become a key witness during the two trials, but, on that fateful night back in 2003, he was just another stand-in chauffeur who was being paid to ferry the megalomaniac record producer from Hollywood club to club and watch him pick up women while drinking vast quantities of alcohol. It was not a pretty sight. As Lana Clarkson climbed into the back of the limo, Spector ordered De Souza to begin the return journey to his home in Alhambra while the pair cuddled up in the back to watch a movie, the prophetically titled Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye. Within two hours, Lana would be a bloody corpse, but for now, she was excited at the prospect of looking around Spector's sprawling LA mansion, known as the Pyrenees Castle.

Before the sun was up on 3 February, De Souza heard a loud bang. Moments later the back door opened and Spector staggered out, clutching a .38-calibre pistol. He told the driver "I think I killed someone", so De Souza called the police. As the officers entered the ostentatious foyer, they were met with a truly gruesome sight. Lana Clarkson's body was slumped in a chair. Her lower jaw had been blown away, leaving a bloody, gaping wound, while shards of broken teeth lay strewn about her feet alongside a gun, dropped under her chair. The Barbarian Queen was



FROM MAESTRO TO MURDERER

PHIL SPECTOR WAS BURSTING WITH TALENT, BUT THERE WAS A DARKNESS WITHIN THAT WAS ALWAYS DESTINED TO END IN TRAGEDY. COULD THIS DESTRUCTIVE RAGE HAVE STEMMED FROM AN ACCIDENT 30 YEARS EARLIER?

In 1974, Phil Spector suffered a near-fatal car accident when he was thrown through the windscreen of his car, resulting in severe injuries to his head, scalp and face. So serious was the crash, that Spector was presumed dead at the scene, until a police officer detected a faint pulse and he was rushed off to hospital. The lacerations were to leave noticeable scars, but did the accompanying head trauma result in a more troubling memento? Many victims of head trauma

present impulsive anger due to the direct effect of the damage to the brain. Today, such patients are offered emotional rehabilitation alongside the more typical physical and cognitive support. However, back in 1974, less was known about these side effects. Spector's 'flashpoint' would have been significantly lowered, increasing the likelihood of an intense, furious reaction to an incident... an incident as insignificant as a woman wanting to go home perhaps?



dead and Spector quickly changed his story, no longer taking the blame. Clarkson, he stated, had "kissed the gun" and committed suicide in his home. Despite the fact that police could not find Spector's prints on the gun, the music mogul was charged with murder. Bail was set at \$1 million and America sat back and waited for the celebrity trial of the century.

On 19 March 2007, cameras started rolling inside LA's Superior Court under the watchful eye of Judge Larry Paul Fidler. The prosecution team focused on the forensic evidence while the defence counsel concentrated on the suicide scenario. Raising evidence of previous violent incidents concerning Spector and other women was a controversial move that the defence counsel attempted to block. However, the judge was prepared to admit it since it reinforced the notion that the night in question was not a oneoff accident and that Spector had a worrying propensity to threaten women with guns should they decide to leave him. Despite this, the jury were not all convinced and, at ten to two for conviction after 15 days of deliberations, the judge declared a mistrial.

A second trial was set to begin on 20 October 2008, and this time there would be no offer of bail due to the defendant's 'pattern of violence'. The prosecution led with Spector's comment "I think I killed someone", as recalled by the chauffeur,

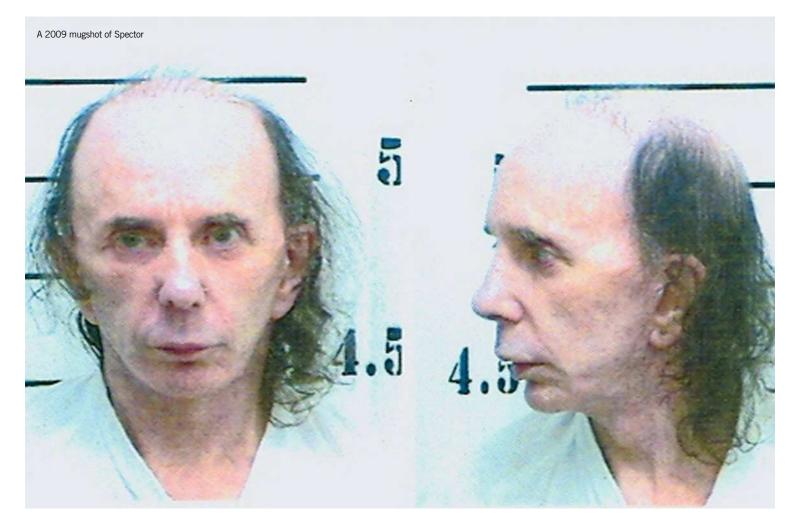
"FIVE WOMEN RECOUNTED ENCOUNTERS WITH SPECTOR, WHO, THEY CLAIMED, WOULD WAVE A GUN ABOUT AFTER CONSUMING VAST AMOUNTS OF DRINK AND DRUGS IF HE FELT REJECTED IN ANY WAY"

De Souza. Five women came forward, recounting terrifying encounters with the defendant, who, they claimed, would wave a gun about after consuming vast amounts of drink and drugs if he felt rejected in any way. Lana Clarkson wanting to go home would have been exactly the sort of event that would have sent him off into an hysterical rage, they claimed.

The jury deliberated and eventually returned to the court with a unanimous guilty verdict on a second-degree murder charge and of using a firearm in the commission of a crime. The court also ordered that Spector pay Donna Clarkson, Lana's grieving mother, \$17,000 to cover her daughter's funeral expenses. The judge then passed down a sentence of 19 years, noting "the taking of an innocent human life, it doesn't get any more serious than that."

The defence counsel, headed by Doron Weinberg, immediately called for a retrial but the motion was declined. Weinberg then set about filing an appeal. This, too, was denied in 2011 with the California Supreme Court refusing to review the Court of Appeal's call to uphold his initial conviction. Further petitions followed, all to no avail. Spector, meanwhile, was transported to the California State Prison, Californian Health Care Facility, where he is still serving his sentence to this day. The one-time hero of millions of pop fans and iconic genius of the music industry will be eligible for parole in 2025. He will be 86 years old.







HE SHOT TO KILL

OSCAR PISTORIUS WAS THE GOLDEN BOY OF THE 2012 OLYMPICS AND REEVA STEENKAMP WAS A MODEL WITH STELLAR AMBITION, BUT BEHIND THE PAPARAZZI FLASHES AND RED CARPETS, HIS HIDDEN DARK SIDE WOULD BRING THEIR RELATIONSHIP TO A SHUDDERING HALT

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO

hen a body is taken for an autopsy examination, a once living, breathing individual is identified by a serial number and tags. For a brief period, they belong to the coroner's office, becoming subject to investigation and, finally, a report. Wheel it in, take it apart, make the findings, sew it back up. It's coldly impersonal, purely scientific. DR188/13 was 29-year-old Reeva Steenkamp.

Murdered in the early hours of 14 February 2013 by her boyfriend, athlete Oscar Pistorius (then 26), Steenkamp's hunger for fame bypassed the good stuff associated with celebrity and went – all within a three-month period – to a level of infamy she never could have anticipated. Her murder was either a tragic accident based on mistaken identity or the crime of a rage-filled partner, whose image as a superstar would be shattered forever.

Four shots rang out on a balmy night across the exclusive Silver Woods estate on the outskirts of Pretoria, one of South Africa's three capital cities. Neighbours and those living in an adjacent estate described hearing voices arguing, lots of shouting, then screaming, and finally the pop-pop-pop of gunfire. But Pistorius told a different story.

He had woken up and heard a noise in the bathroom. Feeling vulnerable, he grabbed his 9mm Parabellum pistol, yelled and screamed at whoever was in the bathroom, then blasted four bullets into the toilet door. He wasn't thinking straight, he told the court. He was acting in self-defence. Oscar described feeling in immediate fear for his life and the life of Reeva. No warning shot

was offered to make the intruder scram because Pistorius considered he might be struck by a ricocheted bullet. This suggests he was thinking after all, and not running on pure adrenaline and instinct. Oscar made a rational choice to protect himself, not the other person. He knew South Africa's self-defence laws and that he had no right to go in guns blazing. But he did so anyway.

The deceased was turning purple. What was once golden blonde shoulder-length hair was matted with dried blood, tiny pieces of brain and fragments of skull. Her face was splattered with blood, especially around the nose, where it had crusted. The heavy bruising around the right eye gave off the impression she'd been given a shiner. It was in fact a reaction to a severely damaged brain: blood had filled up behind the ocular cavity, giving off a purplish tinge. Her right arm was deformed. Oscar's 9mm gun used Americanmanufactured Winchester Ranger hollow-point bullets (known as dum-dums), which expand on impact and cause total devastation to the target. Shot in the right elbow, the bones in Reeva's arm had shattered. Similar to controversial 'Black Talons' ammo, the bullet leaves claw-like markings on organs and tissue. Anybody shot by dum-dums isn't going to get up and walk away.

A series of small cuts were present on Reeva's body, made by the wood splinters that were blasted out of the meranti-panelled door as the bullets passed through. In the top-right part of her cranium, two holes were discovered: an entrance wound and an exit wound. She was struck three times in total: in the head, the elbow and the hip.



★ CRIMINALS

Later on, a bullet fragment would be recovered from the toilet bowl (it had been missed upon the first round of forensics, an episode that became a source of major embarrassment for South African authorities). Each bullet entered the right side of her body.

As well as an abrasion on her right breast, caused perhaps by the bullet that entered the arm, there was bruising on her back caused by blunt force trauma. Bruising and scratching was also recorded on a shin, a thigh, her right thumb and right nipple. None of these injuries were serious enough to cause death, and how they had occurred – and when – was open to question. Stomach content was examined and revealed what looked like pieces of vegetables. As with the marks on the back and body, this would become another major topic of discussion in court. The bladder only contained a few millilitres of urine.

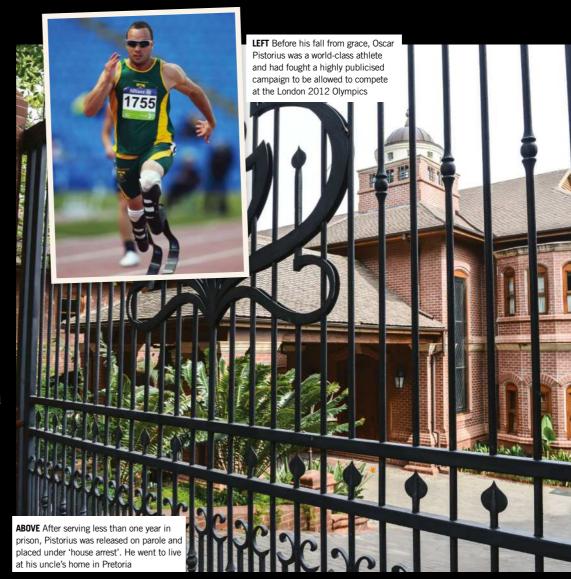
TRIAL OF THE CENTURY

When a criminal trial becomes a media circus, it will often be dubbed 'the trial of the century'. Even more so when television cameras are allowed into the courtroom and social media gets to play a real-time supporting role in what will always be a riveting drama. In post-Apartheid South Africa, Oscar Pistorius was seen as a unifying figure. A track star hero who represented 21st-century South African society, not its troubled past. Pistorius's tale was uplifting – a classic of triumph over adversity. No matter what life throws at you, Oscar said, there are ways to overcome such obstacles. His brand was hope.

Born with the condition fibular hemimelia, the athlete's feet were amputated when he was 11 months old. It was instilled in him to believe his disability was not an impediment to any future success. But don't go believing – no matter what his autobiography said – that this is a *Rocky*-type narrative. A child of wealth, his industrialist father owned and operated a dolomite mine, and one of his uncles made armoured vehicles for the South African government, leading Oscar to once claim said relative 'owned' the country's security services. He was educated privately at the English-speaking Pretoria Boys High School.

Oscar loved guns, was fast-living and possessed a sense of reckless abandon. He could act threateningly towards anybody who either stopped him getting what he wanted or questioned his sense of entitlement. His arrogance – aided and abetted by his class and upbringing – further fuelled an at times an unpleasant, volatile personality. Always quick to temper, the PR-created persona hid a darker truth.

South African newspapers and magazines kept stories about his bad behaviour well out of the limelight. They wanted to stay on Oscar's good side. There was one image that he wished to be projected to the world: Oscar 'Blade Runner' Pistorius, the man who fought the suits at the International Association of Athletics Federation (IAAF) for a shot at running alongside



able-bodied athletes. Tests were done on his J-shaped carbon-fibre prosthetics to make sure he didn't have an unfair advantage. Evidence suggested he did, and the decision to overturn the ruling and allow him to compete was hugely controversial. Oscar's temerity paid off. He won the fight and wrote himself into the history books by participating in the 2012 Olympics. He was selected to carry South Africa's flag during the closing ceremony.

Counter-narratives and a less glamorous image emerged during the trial, when he stood in the dock before Judge Thokozile Matilda Masipa. It was also pointed out that in this case, a black Zulu from a very humble background would determine the fate of a wealthy Afrikaner. It was another welcome reminder of how times had changed. In court, Pistorius appeared frail and very often distraught – to the point where he would vomit (a bucket had to be placed between his feet). He'd tremble as he recalled the events of the night, or when having to listen to grisly details about what he'd done to Reeva.

Some thought Oscar's tears had all the compelling believability and emotion of a crocodile's. Either way, the gloss had worn off and his compatriots and the rest of the world saw a

man whose glowing image had crumbled to dust. Judge Masipa regularly stopped proceedings to enquire if Oscar was compos mentis enough to follow what was being said. As the case wore on, it began to look as if Oscar's paranoia, aggressive personality and recklessness made him prone to fits of rage, and one had led to murder one night in February. Was it always destined to end this way? As June Steenkamp, Reeva's English-born mother, said after the trial: "[He was] bound to kill someone sooner or later." If not her daughter, it would have been somebody else.

SOUTH AFRICA'S HOTTEST COUPLE?

Oscar Pistorius proved a very unreliable witness on the stand. How was it that, when it came to a second-by-second account of the actions that led to the death of Reeva Steenkamp, he was very specific and recalled every detail with remarkable clarity. Yet in other details, his mind became foggy and answers less clear?

When it came to describing his relationship with Port Elizabeth-born Reeva, Oscar described it as love's young dream, saying that anything else running in the papers was all lies. He has kept this





up consistently, even giving an interview to ITV in June 2016 declaring, through an anguished voice, that Reeva would want him to live the life that he wanted to live and not rot in jail for taking hers. It is exactly this type of talk and sense of entitlement that many find unpalatable about Pistorius. It gives off the impression Oscar seeks not redemption but absolution without the effort of atonement. Imploring, "It's what Reeva would have wanted" belies the fact the reason she's not on this Earth is because he murdered her, accident or not.

Oscar and Reeva met in November 2012. A mutual friend set them up and they attended the South Africa Sports Awards together on their first date. As she greeted the awaiting media on the red carpet, Reeva described him as a "gentleman" and praised his fashion sense. In her eyes, there was a lot that appealed. He was from a good family, had lots of cash and the type of press exposure a person like Reeva - voted among the world's sexiest women two years running by lads' mag FHM – wanted. She was very much intent on being famous, friends said. Was dating the 'Blade Runner' a good way to gain attention for free and any subsequent media gigs? There may well have been an element of that, but the blossoming romance appeared to be exactly that: a romance.

ABOVE As South Africa's hottest item, Oscar and Reeva were never far from the public's gaze. At this point in time, it looked as if Oscar had the perfect life



OSCAR'S "ZOMBIE STOPPER"

OSCAR LOVED GUNS AND WANTED TO START HIS OWN COLLECTION, BUT HIS PASSION FOR FIREARMS HAD A SINISTER SIDE TO IT

"It's a lot softer than brain, but fuck it's like a zombie stopper." In court, the athlete was shown on tape, at Sean Ren's firing range, blasting a watermelon with a Smith & Wesson 500 revolver. So impressed was he by its sheer firepower and the explosion, he can be heard laughing off-camera before making his bizarre statement.

At the time of his arrest, Pistorius was in the process of obtaining a collector's firearm licence and had a list of heavy-duty weapons on order, shown below. But Oscar never did get those weapons. The deal was eventually cancelled not long after he was charged with Reeva's death.



What turned out to be a very short relationship was almost certainly never as perfect as Oscar painted it to be. Not before too long, Reeva got a taste of Oscar's temper. A text message hinted at troubles: "Scared of you sometimes and how u snap at me and of how you will react to me." In a Guardian newspaper interview to promote June Steenkamp's book, Reeva: A Mother's Story (2014), she further added to the theory of a troubled relationship based on things her daughter said. "She told me they were fighting a lot. She'd only known him a short time and was beginning to think they were incompatible, and I think that night she was going to leave. They had a fight, something went horribly wrong." Evidence also emerged during the trial that Pistorius was still in regular contact - in one case very regular contact - with ex-girlfriends Jenna Edkins and Samantha Taylor. Oscar began to look like a bit of a playboy operator. It was established, too, by phone records, that on 13 February, as he arrived home for the evening, he was on the phone to Edkins (who he filed in his contacts list as 'BabyShoes') for ten minutes. Were Oscar and Reeva really so in love?

Taylor, who dated Oscar for 18 months, until summer 2012, told the *Daily Mirror* newspaper of an "angry and possessive" man with a bullying nature. His propensity to lose it would frighten her on more than one occasion. "He was trying to string his words together, spitting, shouting, grabbing. It was horrible. He used to bite me a lot, pinch me in anger and in fun. I had bruises and scars. It was painful." One night, Taylor claimed, he got so roaring drunk he set a fire in the living room and danced around it. "But because he was so drunk he thought I'd beaten him up. He started screaming at me. He was looking for his gun. He was saying I was a bitch because I beat him up."

SHOOT TO KILL: CHARGING PISTORIUS

There is no jury in the South African courts. The sitting judge, who works with several associates, makes the ultimate decision as to whether a person is guilty or not. The case against Oscar Pistorius hinged more or less on finding holes in his version of events and using forensic evidence and witness testimony to highlight problems.

Very early on, the prosecuting team decided to go for the maximum – a Schedule 6 wrap. This was a charge of premeditated murder. Now, they had to prove it beyond a shadow of a doubt. It would be very tough. In the end, the only person who knows what happened that night was Oscar. And he stuck to his 'mistaken intruder' story through interrogation after interrogation. Legalese and nuance involved in finding Pistorius guilty of premeditated murder meant several definitions of guilt were opened up. The prosecutors would accept 'murder' and 'culpable homicide' as just verdicts (this would cause stink down the line). He was also charged with three firearms-related offences.

For the prosecution team, going for the maximum charge was a smart move. It meant the

A TALE OF TWO EVENTS

THE COURT CASE HINGED ON OSCAR'S SEQUENCES OF EVENTS THAT EARLY MORNING AND THE PROSECUTION'S ARGUMENT

PISTORIUS

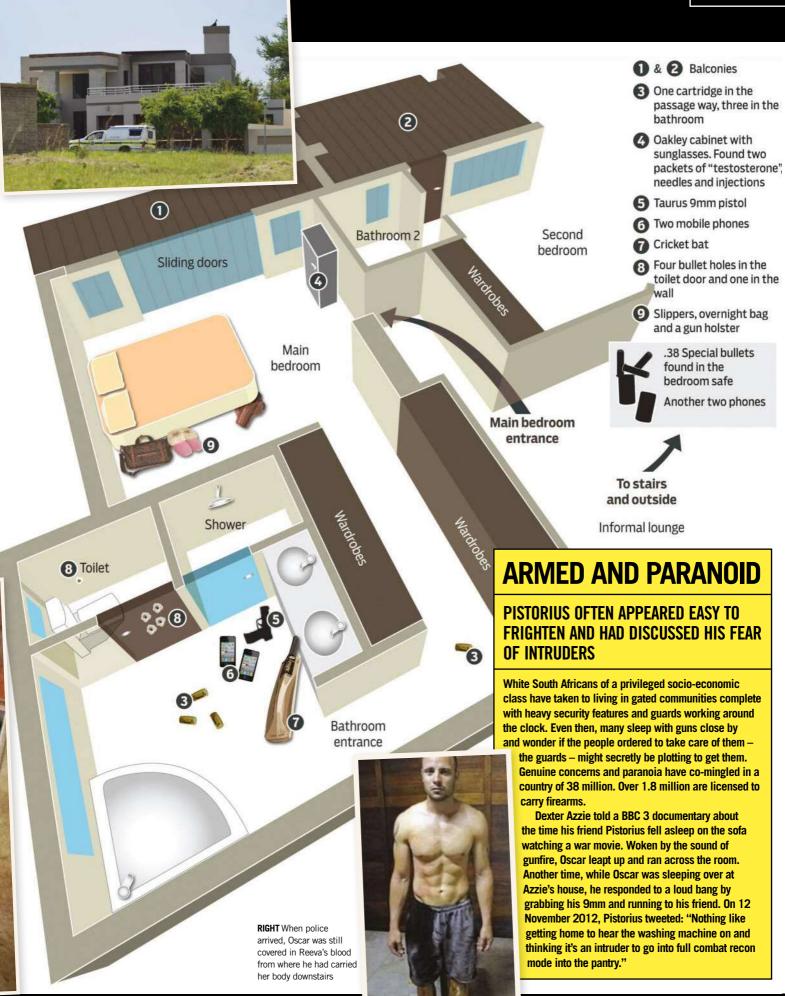
- Oscar stated he and Reeva ate dinner between 7.10pm and 8pm. They retired to the main bedroom, falling asleep around 10pm. He locked the bedroom door and placed the Lazar cricket bat between a cabinet and the door.
- Oscar told the court he woke in the early hours and stated Reeva was also awake. The room was hot and he recalled she said to him: "Can you not sleep my baba?" Oscar failed to mention this extra bit of detail before.
- Oscar got up to retrieve the fans on the balcony through the sliding doors, bringing them into the room. As he was about to get back into bed, he heard the bathroom window open and believed somebody was attempting a break in.
- Pistorius grabbed the 9mm
 Parabellum from under the bed and
 proceeded to the bathroom in the dark. As
 he was about to enter the passageway to
 the bathroom, Oscar claimed he whispered
 to Reeva "to get down and call the police."
- After remaining quiet, Oscar began screaming for Reeva to phone the police. "Before I knew it, I had fired four shots at the door... my ears were ringing," Oscar told the court. He continued to shout for Reeva to call the cops.
- Oscar made his way back into the bedroom and began to talk to Reeva about intruders. He claimed his ears were ringing due to the gunfire. He placed his hand on the bed where Reeva should have been sleeping. "I think it was that point, M'lady, that the... that it first dawned upon me that it could be Reeva in the bathroom or in the toilet."

PROSECUTION

- Prosecutors put it that Reeva was awake at around 1am or earlier, due to the autopsy report detailing the food that was found in her stomach, which was described as a "soup of green, orange and red chunks" vegetables.
- At 01.56am Estelle van der Merwe was wide awake. She was having trouble sleeping. Estelle stated she heard a woman shouting, as if in an argument. An hour later, she was again woken up. This time by the sound of gunfire.
- Just after 3am, Michelle Burger was woken by what she described as a blood-curdling scream. It was that of a woman. Her husband, Charl, heard it too. Their home is 177 metres from Oscar Pistorius's house. Four shots ring out.
- Pistorius intended to kill Reeva when his rage got the better of him. They highlighted numerous discrepancies in his story. "Your version is so improbable that nobody would ever think it is reasonably possibly true," prosecutor Gerrie Nel summed up.



ABOVE The bloody bathroom. In April 2016, forensic experts Calvin and Thomas Mollett suggested Pistorious also beat Reeva with the bat. They matched markings on the bat to a wound on Reeva's torso



defence would have to put Oscar's version of that night on record during the bail application process. They'd have something to work with, too, and a plan of attack. They were feeling confident. A man had murdered his girlfriend during a heated exchange. It was domestic violence taken to the extreme. Investigating officer Hilton Botha believed it so from the moment he stepped into the house on Bushwillow Crescent at 4.15am and saw the crime scene. Case closed, your honour.

But things soon went awry, giving the defence team a veritable field day. Bungling police officers and forensics pitched in with contaminated evidence, demonstrating severe operational failures. Items were stolen from Oscar's house during the investigation - including several expensive watches - and the investigating cops were generally deemed a bit useless. Botha was under pressure, too. At the time of taking the stand, he was also being investigated for seven counts of attempted murder (along with several fellow officers). The group had got drunk one night and shot at cars on a highway. His testimony meant very little and he fluffed his lines when put on the stand. Anything he had to say was deemed untrustworthy because a man being investigated by his own force simply couldn't be trusted. Even the most absolutely vital piece of evidence - the toilet door - went walkabout before landing at the cop shop for testing.

SENTENCED AND THEN SENTENCED AGAIN

Judge Masipa found Oscar Pistorius guilty of culpable homicide through gross negligence. It was, in layman's terms, a manslaughter verdict. At the time, the response to the decision, at least in court, was surprisingly low key. Pistorius looking sick to his stomach and shaking was nothing new. Handed a five-year jail term and a separate three-year sentence for a firearm offence, Masipa summed up her decision based on a need for justice, but in line with the prosecution's failings to convince her that this was premeditated killing. She was very unimpressed by their evidence and witness testimonies. She therefore passed a sentence that was "neither too light nor too severe." Many would disagree on that score.

The Steenkamps told reporters they were glad the case was over and Pistorius would be receiving jail time. Later, they told the media that the judge had made a mistake in her sentencing and their daughter's ex-boyfriend, who they'd never met in person before he stood charged with her murder, had got off too lightly. While Pistorius's legal team said they would not appeal, the prosecutors wouldn't be letting it go. When, in October 2014, Pistorius was transferred from the hospital wing of Pretoria's Kgosi Mampuru prison to his uncle's mansion to see out the rest of his sentence under house arrest, it looked entirely contradictory to Masipa's claim that any sentencing wouldn't be "one law for the poor and disadvantaged and another for the rich and famous."



An appeal decision was made in December 2015 and things were not looking too good for Oscar – he'd also lost the right to appeal at the hearing. South Africa's prosecutors found major fault with Masipa's original ruling, so much so they believed it brought their entire legal system into disrepute if not rectified.

Appeal judges agreed. Just when prosecutors thought they'd nailed Oscar – and achieved true justice for Reeva – Oscar received what they declared to be, yet again, a "too lenient" sentence. Six years for murder. Judge Masipa was adamant: "Public opinion may be loud and persistent but it can play no role in the decision of this court."

Although the charge had received an upgrade during the appeal process, prosecutors had wanted 15 years. One of these appeal judges, Judge Leach, summed up the change from culpable homicide to murder. "Although he may have been anxious, it is inconceivable that a rational person could have believed he was entitled to fire at this person with a heavy-calibre firearm, without taking even that most elementary precaution of firing a warning shot, which the accused said he elected

not to fire as he thought the ricochet might harm him." Pistorius is obliged to spend the next three years – half of his new sentence – locked up once more in the hospital wing at Kgosi Mampuru. New theories suggest that marks discovered in the autopsy were caused by Oscar hitting Reeva with his prized cricket bat signed by South Africa's star team. Another specific mark discovered on an arm could also have been caused by an air rifle, and a 4.5mm hole in the bedroom door matches the calibre of the rifle. If this is true, the savagery Oscar subjected Reeva to in those early hours of Valentine's Day was truly brutal.

Oscar Pistorius achieved fame through sporting prowess, but he achieved infamy through his actions on 14 February 2013. The glory, the triumphs, the medals, the hopes and dreams of a disabled athlete taught never to give up or give in... it's all meaningless. The man the world knew as 'Blade Runner' became 'the bullet in the chamber' (to quote an unfortunate-sounding sobriquet used in advertising). From race tracks of the world to the ignominy of a prison cell, Oscar's story went from heaven to hell.













ROCK STAR PAEDOPHILE





DID DRUG ABUSE WARP IAN WATKINS' MIND, OR WAS THIS MANIPULATIVE PAEDOPHILE TREADING A DARK PATH LONG BEFORE HE BEGAN TO "SPREAD HIS EVIL"?

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

e was a worldwide celebrity from a small town in South Wales who, without warning, was revealed as one of the "worst paedophiles in British history." In 2013, Ian Watkins, the front man of rock band Lostprophets, was sentenced to 35 years behind bars for unimaginable sexual abuse involving two children under the age of one – one victim was just 11 months old.

These truly abhorrent crimes involved two "superfans", known only to the media as Woman A and Woman B: the two co-defendants had freely offered Watkins the innocence of their children as the ultimate sacrifice, as though he were some kind of god, for a "summer of filthy incest and child porn." Fans, friends and family were aware that the alternative rock singer with a reputation as a 'straight edge' musician was spiralling down a dark path of hard drugs and inappropriate behaviour, and although his band members and closest friends pleaded with him to seek help for his drug addiction, not even they knew the vile world and "shocking depravity" Watkins concealed behind hotel doors.

THE IMPORTANT ONES

Welshman Watkins was born in the town of Merthyr Tydfil but grew up in Pontypridd after moving there when his father died of an epileptic fit. Watkins was just five at the time. While at primary school, Watkins made friends with Mike Lewis, who would become the band's bassist. Watkins' mother, Elaine, remarried a Baptist minister and Watkins went on to graduate from the University of South Wales with a first-class honours degree in graphic design. However, it was his musical talent that propelled him in to a celebrity lifestyle with fawning fans. The band Lostprophets was formed in 1997. Lead singer Watkins, along with his bassist and childhood best friend Lewis, drummer Mike Chiplin and guitarist Lee Gaze, formed a solid rock group and shot to fame in the early 2000s after their debut album, *The Fake Sound Of Progress*, rocketed through the music charts.

In the early days of their career, the band insisted that they were a 'straight edge' group, part of a subculture of the hardcore punk scene that the band were connected to. They renounced the sex, drugs and rock and roll lifestyle that was such a renowned cliché in the music industry. Watkins' bad-boy image paired with his clean-cut lifestyle appealed to angsty teenagers moved by his nu-metal lyrics. The group's fan base rapidly expanded. Their reputation earned them slots supporting bigger bands like Linkin Park, as well as stage space at popular music festivals including Reading Festival in 2001, where they played alongside top-ranking artists such as Marilyn Manson, Queens Of The Stone Age and Manic Street Preachers.

In 2006, singles *A Town Called Hypocrisy* and *Rooftops*, both taken from their third album, *Liberation Transmission*,



were massively successful, each entering the top ten of the music charts. With each new album came a worldwide tour. Although not a particularly high-profile celebrity himself, Watkins was linked to numerous famous and charismatic women including a brief fling with British presenter Alexa Chung in 2007 and a year-long relationship with DJ Fearne Cotton in 2008. The band was going places and Watkins was at the front of it all. But in the background, he began to engage in some very unsavoury habits.

At first dabbling in cocaine, he then gravitated towards harder drugs such as crystal meth. "It was very well publicised that Ian had a problem with drugs. His behaviour as being a bit of a loose cannon, a bit unhinged and the fact that he liked to dabble in drugs and alcohol, that was very well known," said a veteran music journalist who agreed to speak to us about Watkins (who he has interviewed on a number of occasions) so long as he remained anonymous. "They headlined Download (festival) in 2007 – that was certainly widely acknowledged to be a time he was frequently not with it and away with the fairies. It certainly seems, from things that came out in the aftermath, that there's a very clear link between his dabbling with very strong drugs and his questionable and depraved behaviour."

A video discovered in Watkins' possession in 2012, which dated back to 2007, features a 16-year-old female who had flown from the US to meet Watkins, and demonstrates the dark path he was heading down even then. It shows the girl, who was a virgin, dressed in a school uniform and engaging in oral, vaginal and anal sex with Watkins. Watkins refers

ABOVE The band members, with the exception of Watkins, all had young children of their own when the allegations against him transpired, leaving them sickened and disgusted by his actions

to the girl as his "underage slut" before urinating on her face. This was not an isolated incident, as police found more videos featuring similar content. One dating back to 2008 shows another of Watkins' sexual encounters with a different 16-year-old female, who he encourages to snort cocaine. It was clear that Watkins' attitude towards his female fans was already unsavoury and demeaning, but both girls were of consenting age, so while his behaviour was lewd and questionable it was not, at this stage, illegal.

In 2007, the singer invited a female fan and her daughter backstage at one of his shows. He signed a poster for the woman's daughter addressing her as "beautiful". The female fan began to feel uneasy when, a few years later, after seeing a picture of him and her daughter from the encounter, Watkins said that he and his young fan would make a "good-looking" couple. She thought it a wildly inappropriate comment, considering her daughter was just seven years old. She told Welsh news agency *WalesOnline*, "He would try and convince each girl they were the only one he would talk to, they were the only important one." It was an ominous foreshadowing of the rock star's manipulative behaviour.

"ONLY IF I CAN FUCK HER"

No one came to know this more than Watkins' former partner Joanne Mjadzelics, who met the singer online in 2006 and became embroiled in his sick fantasies. When approached by **Real Crime** for a comment on her experiences with Watkins, Mjadzelics politely declined. A sex tape named 'Jo Filth' shows the pair discussing online

"THE PAIR DISCUSSED KIDNAPPING A BROTHER AND SISTER FROM OUTSIDE A SCHOOL, KILLING ONE AND RAPING ANOTHER"

incest. As well as role-playing a brother and sister, the pair also discussed kidnapping a brother and sister from outside a school, killing one and raping another. Watkins confessed his predilections for children to Mjadzelics but later claimed it was the cocaine talking, according to statements she made to police after she was arrested in 2013. Mjadzelics was accused (and later found not guilty) of possessing and distributing images of child sex abuse. "I was a cokehead at the time. I was totally in love with the guy and was saying things to make him excited," she told the court.

The turning point came in 2008 when Mjadzelics stopped taking cocaine and realised that the discussions between her and Watkins had gone too far. When she raised this with Watkins, she was forced to sign a gagging order about their illicit conversations. That same year, despite the order, she went to South Wales Police and Pontypridd Social Services concerning a picture of a young girl sent to her by Watkins. Snapped in his bedroom, the girl, who Watkins described as "super flirty", was estimated to have been four or five years old. In her right hand she held a picture of a semi-naked Mjadzelics, which Mjadzelics had sent to Watkins when he asked her how he could sniff cocaine off her bum if she wasn't there. Also seen in the picture is a line of what appears to be cocaine, a razor blade and, in the little girl's left hand, a rolled up £20 note.

Mjadzelics claims that although she reported Watkins, the paedophile remained at large for a further four years before being arrested. Police told her that she did not have enough evidence and, in a shocking twist, threatened her with "harassment charges". Watkins told the police that the claimant was a deranged stalker, not to be believed. "This guy is able to say, 'That's my ex,' or, 'I hooked up with them once, and now they're obsessed with me and stalking me,' and people believed it because that does happen," said our source. "He was very manipulative and clever in that he took things that were accepted and used them as a cloak and hid behind them."

Mjadzelics became riddled with self-doubt, and by 2010 had apologised to Watkins, believing that she had jumped to conclusions and was wrong about the star. Weeks later, in a hotel room, Watkins showed her a video of a child being raped on his laptop. "The first thing I saw was a child crying and screaming, and I saw a video of a young girl being raped," she would later tell jurors when she stood trial for possessing images of child sex abuse. "And I looked at him and I just saw an evil smirk on his face. He was looking for a reaction and all I did was cry and I said he had to go." Afraid she would not be believed if she contacted the police, she did not speak to the star again until 2011. Meanwhile Watkins was clearly carrying on with his sick perversions, preying on mothers to satisfy his sick fantasies.

When talking to the fan whose daughter he had shown an interest in years earlier, the mother asked if Watkins would DJ at her now-ten-year-old's birthday party, to which Watkins replied: "Only if I can fuck her."

Mjadzelics was bombarded with messages on social media the following year from Watkins, who was, at this time, in Los Angeles recording a new album with the band. A picture attached to a message showed a five-year-old girl, the daughter of an "obsessed druggie groupie", who Watkins claimed to have raped while in LA.

Still determined to catch the paedophile out, Mjadzelics continued to try to maintain Watkins' trust and report him to the police, telling them what Watkins had confessed to. She claims she offered to give the force her laptop containing a number of pictures Watkins had sent her of child abuse, but the officer she spoke to refused to take it. Mjadzelics claims she revisited police once more the following year having spoken to Woman A and Woman B, and obtained a confession from them that Watkins had abused their children. "Honestly, in my opinion, he's one of the worst paedophiles in British history," said our anonymous source. "I cannot think of many worse than him."

CROSSING THE LINE

While touring with the band, playing shows and making special TV appearances, it became apparent that Watkins was becoming distant. Interviews with the band that had once been jovial and full of energy became strained and tense, and Watkins at times failed to show up at all. "His behaviour in general was very widely regarded as to have been on a slippery slope for a number of years. It ranged from being a bit of a diva, to a coked-up diva to someone who was very isolated, very weird and very much a loner, even in his own group," our source confirmed. The band members confronted Watkins about his drug taking. At first he denied it, then claimed he had been taking it as an 'experiment', wanting to







see how it felt to write songs from another perspective - the band weren't buying it and Watkins said the experiment would stop.

Instead the drug abuse appeared to get worse. Doing crystal meth, Watkins' sex drive was sky-high, a common effect of the drug on users. Our source said: "Singers have the reputation of being the biggest divas, because they're the face and voice of a band. So when a singer from a successful band like Lostprophets seems isolated or is disappearing, you don't think anything of it. You have no reason to think, 'I wonder if that person is being a paedophile.' That would never cross your mind. You would think they might be off meeting a woman in a hotel room and it so happens he was, but it just so happens they weren't alone."

According to court documents, 19-year-old Woman A met Watkins in late 2011. A couple of months later the pair were discussing sexually assaulting her 11-month-old son. On 2 April 2012, the pair checked into the K West Hotel where Watkins was recorded twice attempting to rape the child. In the background, the boy's mother can be heard encouraging the rock star's attempts. The details, too depraved to be published, show that both his mother and Watkins repeatedly sexually assaulted the victim through the night. Unfortunately the abuse the victim suffered continued intermittently for a further six months. "The enjoyment both of you can be seen to derive from what you were doing is both sickening and incomprehensible," said the judge during his sentencing statements.

The band noticed at this time that Watkins' drug abuse was out of control and, by 2012, the singer had become completely dependant on drugs to function on a day-to-day basis. Our source confirmed to us that following a headline tour of the UK in April 2012, "Someone who had known Watkins for quite a while and was familiar with a lot of bands from the scene," had walked in to Watkins' dressing room to witness the star behind a DJ deck "in his own world, treating it like he was DJing to a packed club in Ibiza, having the best time and clearly off his head."

"People knew he wasn't right," said our source before adding, "His behaviour was odd and erratic, performing your own DJ set in your dressing room when there's basically no one else in there, you're not of sound mind." Speaking to British newspaper The Times in 2014, Karen Ruttner,

LIVING A DOUBLE LIFE | WHILE THE SUCCESS OF LOSTPROPHETS SNOWBALLED, WATKINS PURSUED EVER DARKER INTERESTS

2006

26 JUNE 2006

Lostprophets release their third album. Liberation Transmission, which reaches number one in the UK music charts.

2007

APRIL 2007

Lostprophets release 4AM:Forever, the final single from album Liberation Transmission

2008

AUGUST 2008 ■

Lostprophets play in Paris, France, at the Rock en Seine festival with artists such as Kate Nash, Rage Against The Machine and the Plain White T's.

AUGUST 2008

The band is a headline act at the prestigious V Festival in Chelmsford in the UK.

AUGUST 2009 ■

Lostprophets headline the NME/Radio 1 stage at Reading and Leeds festival over the bank holiday.

2009

DECEMBER 2006

Having messaged Watkins for several weeks, Joanne Mjadzelics meets with him for the first time at a hotel in Leeds, where the two make a sex tape.

MARCH 2007

Watkins films a sexual encounter with a 16-year-old fan from the USA. referring to her as his "underage slut"

AUGUST 2008 ■

Watkins discloses to Miadzelics that he slept with a 14-year-old girl. Miadzelics assumes it is the cocaine talking and does not go to the police.

OCTOBER 2008 ■

Watkins videos a young fan performing oral sex on him before she is presented with some white powder, which Watkins tells her is cocaine.

25 DECEMBER 2008

Miadzelics receives several indecent images of children from Watkins. Four days later, she reports her concerns to South Wales Police.



JANUARY 2010

Despite the fact that recording had begun a whole two years before, Lostprophets' new album, The Betrayed, isn't released until the new year.

FEBRUARY 2010

Lostprophets commence their UK tour, but their Doncaster date is cancelled and refunded. No reason is given.

2011

2010

MARCH 2011 ■

The singer tells a mother he will play at her daughter's tenth birthday party if he can sleep with the child, before posting a winky face and telling the woman: "you hate it that she thinks I'm hot."

AUGUST 2011

Watkins begins to correspond with Woman A online.

APRIL 2012

The band release their fourth and (what is to be their) final album, Weapons. On the night of their record-release party, the group all stay in a hotel in Shepherd's Bush.

2012

APRIL 2012

A lengthy video is recorded in a hotel room at the K West Hotel in Shepherds Bush showing Watkins attempting to rape Woman A's son as she looks on.

MAY 2012 Lostprophets play Jera On Air in the Netherlands, where they perform alongside bands Young Guns, This Is Hell and Kids In Glass Houses.

A split-screen Skype

call is recorded between

Woman B and Watkins,

and Woman B sexually

abuses her child while

Watkins watches.

NOVEMBER 2012

In what is their final show as a band, Lostprohets play at the Newport Centre in Wales.

SEPTEMBER 2012 OCTOBER 2012

Watkins and Woman B meet in Wales on two occasions. There is no record of the victim being present but there is "compelling" evidence she is.

DECEMBER 2012

News breaks of the singer's charges, which include being accused of raping a baby.

★ CRIMINALS

THE EVIL WITHIN

WERE DRUGS ENTIRELY TO BLAME OR WAS WATKINS A SEXUAL PREDATOR IN THE MAKING? PSYCHOLOGIST EMMA KENNY EXPLAINS



BIO | EMMA KENNY

Emma Kenny is a Manchesterbased psychologist who has extensive experience in dealing with violent sexual crimes, including commentary on CI's *Britain's Darkest Taboos*.

What category does Ian Watkins fall into as a child sex offender?

He's like any of the [worst] paedophiles, the most narcissistic. He's one step off child murderer, that's where I would place him. The next stage is child rape and murder, and you have to remember that when you sexually assault children who are very young, you put them in a situation where it can be fatal anyway.

Why does someone like Watkins specifically pick really young children?

Most paedophiles believe that the relationships they have with the victims are involving the child fully, that the child feels happy in that relationship and enjoys it. He doesn't care: if you're assaulting babies then you know for a fact they can't 'consent', they don't have the

conscious ability, you're not even beginning to have a dialogue about whether or not this is a relationship, which is delusional – it's always nonreciprocal. I imagine his sexual satisfaction is gained from knowing that they are completely helpless and that he has coerced women to actually involve themselves in his predilection. That it is probably the most coercive state to be able to get a woman who has given birth to a child, and then allow that child to be violated in such a dangerous, aggressive and hostile manner. That's probably the biggest triumph for someone like him, who has control issues, that he's managed to turn nature against itself. These women weren't well-known paedophiles, they were coerced in to that relationship and it demonstrates how manipulation, power and control can distort the most protective mechanism such as motherhood.

What does the lack of remorse show about his psyche?

In some ways a good thing about this particular individual is that he is so arrogant, so narcissistic, so self-congratulatory on who he is and what he does, because he puts himself into a position where his guilt is without question. As much as he thinks he's being clever, the truth is that his own stupidity and his own glib behaviour are the things that demonstrate how aware of his actions he is. He's definitely on the psychopathic spectrum, there's no doubt about that. He didn't see himself in the same context as Jimmy Savile, he saw himself as something different. He believes he's all powerful and that demonstrates how far out of reality he was.

He was using some really hardcore drugs, can that in someway be to blame for his abhorrent behaviour?

Crystal meth won't make you a paedophile. It may make you more impulsive, more compulsive, more obsessive, aggressive, and make what you do slightly more dangerous. He may have wanted to molest babies before, but on crystal meth it might have gone further. Crystal meth will have given him licence to act even more abhorrently and maybe that shows that his addiction was potentially within him. I wonder, despite him being a heinous bastard, was there this internal battle within him where he felt a need to escape himself? Did crystal meth give him those compulsions, and an impulse to do what he wanted to do and have an excuse for it? Maybe he was already aware that there was something really dark about him and therefore the addiction spiralled because he needed to do what he wanted to do and he felt terrible about it to some degree. He was always going to be that malevolent individual and a child abuser, that's definitely in his nature, however, the internet has brought people together who should be ashamed of themselves, who can find hundreds of thousands of other people who think this to be completely normal.



the band's manager and Watkins' former partner, said that his personal hygiene suffered greatly. "He was disgusting, so messed up. He was starting to have issues with his teeth falling out and rotting. He let his hygiene go, he was never showering. He looked bloated and unhealthy and his skin was getting bad," she told the publication.

"Regardless of maybe rumours or odd behaviour, I don't for one second think that anyone knew what was going on," said our source. "Not for one second do I think that anybody thought, 'This man is sexually abusing babies."

On 24 May 2012, Woman A sent Watkins a message of epic betrayal: "The boy is ready to be abused."

"I think we have gone easy on him so far," said Watkins in August, "time to teach him and MAKE him learn to love it." That month Watkins booked a room at the Maldron Hotel in Cardiff for two adults and a child. Messages later recovered along with a train ticket confirm the woman's journey. Data confiscated by the police shows that the pair regularly stayed in contact via the internet and subjected the victim to more abuse via video chats.

Much like the messages he had sent to Woman A, Watkins was determined to "push boundaries", telling Woman B in August 2012 that he wanted to "cross the line". In one message he told her, "If you belong to me then so does your baby." To which the "superfan" more than willingly agreed – the pair of them would "worship" Watkins, she told him. More so, Watkins and the mother discussed teaching the victim about bestiality and how to use hard drugs such as crack cocaine. In all of this, Watkins saw an innocent baby as his "little fucktoy". There appeared to be no limits to what





the pair were prepared to subject the victim to, including "whoring her out to fat old men." On a webcam on 12 September, the mother subjected her baby to more sexual abuse and, all the while, Watkins watched, aroused and completely unashamed of what was taking place.

Compelling evidence documented by the court shows that 'B' took her baby daughter to a Travelodge in Caerphilly on 2 October and/or the Radisson in Cardiff on 23 October, where they met Watkins. When first arrested, the child's mother denied having met him on those days, later changing her story to say that she had left the baby with family. There is no record of what happened at these hotels but a sample of the victim's hair shows that she was exposed to crystal meth.

"I FUK KIDZ"

In October 2012, the police raided Watkins' home for drugs and arrested him. They confiscated his computer and he was released on conditional bail that he was to remain under 24-hour surveillance on his forthcoming British tour. The band was aware by this point that the police suspected their band mate of possessing child pornography. But when they challenged him, Watkins once again blamed it on a "crazed stalker" who was out to get him. Still, the idea that Watkins

ABOVE The evidence against Watkins, including his homemade videos, was considered so distressing that counselling was arranged for the jurors at Cardiff Crown Court who were about to watch the rock star's catalogue of ab

could be suspected of raping infants was far from being suspected. "I was at Warped Tour in November 2012 with my girlfriend at the time," said our source, "while I was working she was with friends. She came up to me later in the night and told me she had been outside Alexander Palace, near the smoking area talking to someone, and a young girl she estimated to be about 14 or 15 had come running up to security in floods of tears. She told them she had been round by the tour bus area and claimed that Ian Watkins had groped her. Security basically just said, 'I don't think that really happened, sounds like you might have had too much

Just days before his arrest, Watkins had been working on a project with a well-known music magazine. While the camera was rolling he was asked to comment on newsworthy items including the Jimmy Savile case, which also broke in 2012. "I'm not touching that," Watkins coldly replied. But just days later a cache of child sex abuse footage was found on 'cloud' storage belonging to the singer. The Government Communications Headquarters had cracked his encrypted laptop; they had discovered that the password to his sick world was, "I fuk kidz".

to drink. Move along." Nobody suspected Watkins of being

capable of assaulting his fans, or were willing to consider it.

Because of his worldwide escapades as a travelling musician, the case against Watkins became one that involved Homeland Security in the US, a number of other police forces in the UK, the National Crime Agency's Child Exploitation and Online Protection Centre command, local authorities in England and Wales, and the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (NSPCC).

WATKINS AND THE MOTHER DISCUSSED TEACHING THE VICTIM ABOUT BESTIALITY AND HOW TO USE HARD DRUGS "

★ CRIMINALS

The band, along with the rest of the public, learned of the allegations when the morning news broke following his arrest on 12 December 2012. "I remember the day when it broke," said our source. "I remember waking up at half past seven to a lot of missed calls and looking at my phone thinking someone had died. I called the first person back – another guy in my office – who sent me to the BBC web page 'Lostprophets singer accused of child sex abuse' and I just went, 'Oh my god, wow.' Because of the source and the nature of the allegations, I knew there had to be some credible information, they had named the guy on their homepage and they'd named his charges. You are not doing that unless you are pretty damn sure you've got something. It wasn't disbelief but just shock."

Watkins had been identified by his distinctive arm tattoos, which had been visible in the 17-minute long video of him attempting to rape Mother A's son. But yet again, Watkins claimed that the videos had been digitally altered by a deranged fan who was attempting to frame him.

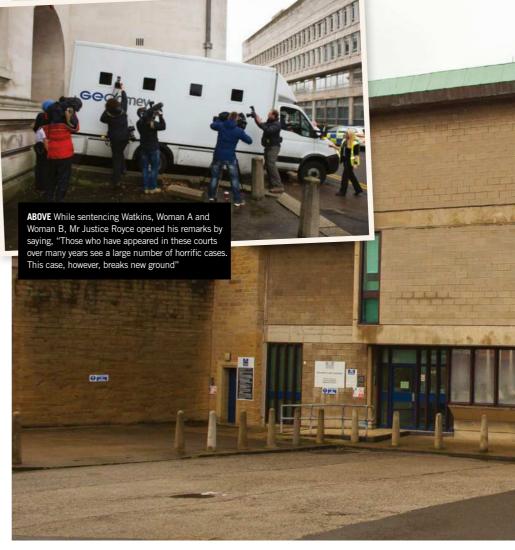
"IT WAS MEGA-LOLZ"

In October 2013, the remaining members of the band announced that they would be splitting up and to this day show no interest in speaking with Watkins. Real Crime attempted to reach the members, who have now formed a new band, for a comment, but did not receive a response. At Cardiff Crown Court in November 2013, three co-defendants stood accused of a total of 32 charges. 36-year-old Watkins was charged with the majority of these, totalling 24 sexual offences including raping a baby, sexually assaulting a baby, conspiring to rape a child, and possessing, making and distributing indecent images of children. The mothers, Woman A and Woman B, also stood accused of crimes relating to the case. The trial was expected to last three weeks and friends and family of both the accused and the victims waited nervously as the jurors and the judge filed in to the courtroom.

Watkins and Woman A had, until this stage, furiously denied the claims but, in a shocking turn of events, both pleaded guilty at the 11th hour. Watkins admitted he was a paedophile and pleaded guilty to 13 sexual offences including two of attempting to rape a baby. Our credible source, who is close to a number of Watkins' friends, said: "I was told by people who knew him that, essentially, his own solicitor had said, 'Ian, you did this. Don't put these people in that courtroom through this, don't make them look at this and read these reports. Nothing good can come of it and you're going to lose.' And I still don't really know why, but that seemed to work."

The confident and arrogant Watkins, who had commanded mothers to abuse their children on his say-so, stood in court in a grey suit and tie, and his voice quivered as he was forced to admit to conspiring to sexually assault a child under 13. He also admitted two counts of taking indecent photographs of children in 2007 and 2008, and possessing extreme pornography depicting a person engaging in a sex act with an animal. He pleaded not guilty to two counts of raping a baby. Prosecutor Chris Clee, QC, called Watkins a "determined and committed paedophile". The female co-defendants who stood in the courtroom also admitted to sexual offences against their own children. The Crown Prosecution Service described the case as "sexual exploitation at it's worst".

Following his admissions, during phone calls made on 27 November 2013, Watkins said to a female friend, "It was,



ABOVE Watkins served less than 14 months of his 29-year prison sentence at HMP Wakefield, alongside some of Britain's most dangerous criminals

like, either me go up there and say 'Come on, it wasn't that bad, nobody got hurt,' I do my charm. Or do I end up making things worse for myself? Or do I just say I was off my head and can't remember?" When discussing his possible sentence, the disgraced singer said, "I'm going to put a statement out on 18th [December] now just to say it was mega-lolz. I don't know what everyone is getting so freaked out about." During his sentencing, when asked if he would still issue a statement saying his conduct was "mega-lolz", Watkins replied, "No, it's just lolz now."

Watkins was sentenced to 29 years in prison with a further six years on licence. He will be eligible for parole after serving two thirds of his prison term at the age of 55. Woman A was jailed for 14 years while Woman B received a jail sentence of 17 years. Outside the court, defending barrister Sally O'Neill, QC, said that Watkins had "belatedly realised the gravity of what happened," and that the singer was "deeply, deeply sorry".

"I feel like if he was someone whose brain was broken down by drugs, he wouldn't have been able to be that clever and that able to manipulate and move these pieces around constantly," said our source. "People on very hard drugs are a mess and can't even function on a very basic human level, let alone work a manipulative, covert operation that he clearly

"WATKINS CLAIMED THAT THE VIDEOS HAD BEEN DIGITALLY ALTERED BY A DERANGED FAN WHO WAS ATTEMPTING TO FRAME HIM "





indulged in for so long. You have to be aware of what you're doing to a point to function like that, and that's what makes me think he is not someone who will have any remorse, or can lay claim to it being the case that his brain has been badly affected by the years of drug use. [It wasn't] affected badly enough that he couldn't constantly move these chess pieces 24/7 for a number of years. I don't think it's far-fetched to assume that a man who was this sophisticated in his activities knows what he's doing"

LEGACY OF THE LOST PROPHET

At present, Watkins remains behind bars despite an attempt in 2014 to have his sentence reduced. Instead he was moved from HMP Wakefield, the same prison as child killers Ian Huntley and Mark Bridger, to Long Lartin prison in Worcestershire, UK. It's been almost five years since the news broke and, still, our inside source says, the music industry is feeling the effects of what happened.

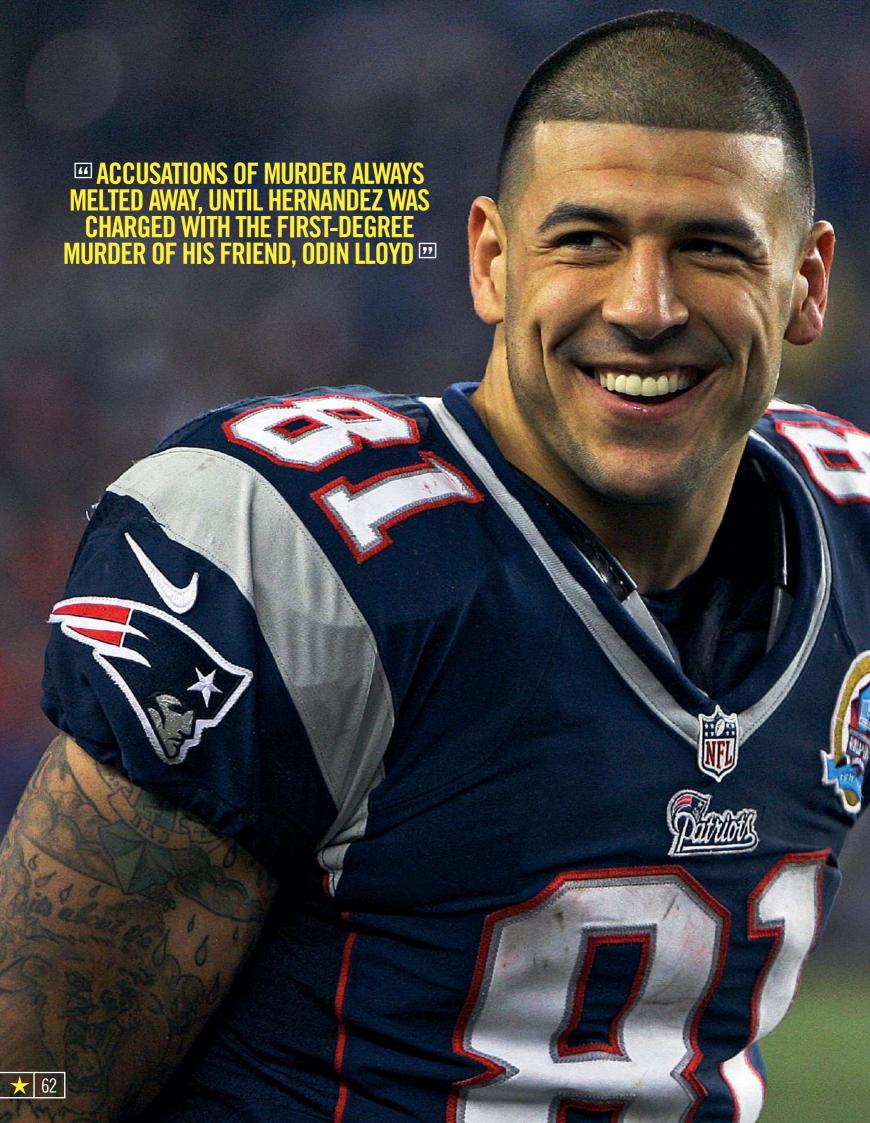
"I've not seen any change in how people monitor other people's behaviour and whereabouts at all from an organisational point of view. I have not seen that change because I think most people think this was a very sick man who did these things. What has changed is - and it's a double-edged sword - is that now there is a culture of accusing people in bands of doing very untoward, very shady things, and what happens now is that these people, whether I get proven correct or not, lose their jobs because people can't be seen to not be taking action, even if nothing happened."

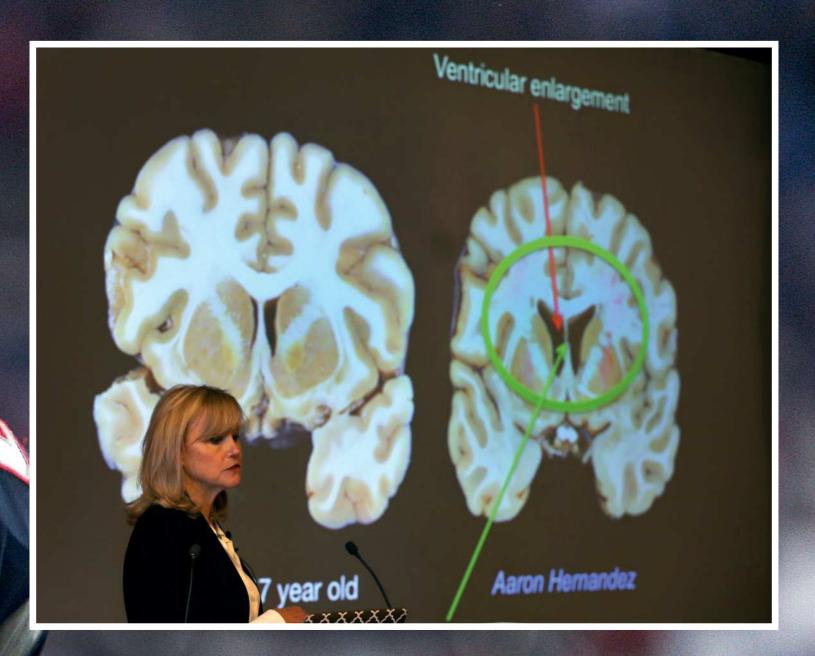
Our source made reference to the guitarist Lloyd Roberts of the band Neck Deep who, in August 2015, was accused of sending explicit messages to an underage fan. Roberts

contacted the police himself to have the matter investigated. Police cleared him of any wrongdoing but it was too late, Roberts had to step down from the band in order to prevent any negativity affecting the band's success. "It wasn't enough," our source said of the police findings. "These people had decided it was true and even though the police had said it wasn't true, it wasn't enough because [the public] couldn't have accused someone wrongly. 'It's a cover up,' they said, 'there's more to it."

However, our source said that he did feel that lessons needed to be learned from Watkins. "It does have to serve as a warning and people have to be aware that this can happen and not blindly ignore it. But others are taking this as an excuse to just do what they want because someone got away with it before." At present, a review by the Independent Police Complaint Commission (IPCC) is under way as to how such a vile and prolific predator was left to abuse children for a number of years.

It was recommended by a panel in 2016 that three officers (a detective sergeant and two detective constables) from the South Wales Police force, should face misconduct proceedings after it found the detective sergeant, accused of gross misconduct, "did not take sufficient action to progress enquiries," and contributed to allegations from a main witness being treated as unfounded. According to the report, the two detective constables in question, also accused of misconduct, "did not undertake all reasonable and practicable lines of enquiry." At present, a further investigation by the IPCC into how South Yorkshire Police handled the Watkins case is due to be published at a later date, examining allegations made to the force in 2012.





BOSTON UNIVERSITY, US, 9 NOVEMBER 2017

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE GUN-TOTING TIGHT END

AARON JOSEF HERNANDEZ WAS A GIFTED AMERICAN FOOTBALL TIGHT END, A HERO OF THE NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS. HOWEVER, AFTER A COLD-BLOODED MURDER AND THE KILLER'S SUICIDE, THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS STATE OF MIND WAS REVEALED

Hernandez came from a troubled background, with accusations of childhood sexual abuse, drugs and various criminal influences raised throughout his short life.

During an impressive sports career at high school he set a variety of footballing records and, during college, he was selected by the New England Patriots. The hot-headed newbie would never be popular with his teammates, though. It seemed that Hernandez was prone to fits of paranoia and surrounded himself with weapons and drugs.

A series of murder charges followed but there was always someone ready to vouch for him and the accusations simply melted way. However, on 26 June 2013, he was charged with the first-degree murder of his friend, Odin Lloyd, and found guilty of the fatal shooting in 2015. His lawyers immediately set about planning his appeal, but Hernandez was found hanging in his cell before his case could be heard. In November 2017, researchers at Boston University revealed that Hernandez had advanced chronic traumatic encephalopathy as a result of his NFL career, which had likely compromised his judgement and impulse control.





IN 2007, NASA ASTRONAUT LISA NOWAK DROVE NEARLY 1,500 KILOMETRES TO ASSAULT LOVE RIVAL COLLEEN SHIPMAN. BUT FOR SHIPMAN'S QUICK ACTIONS, NOWAK'S CRIME COULD HAVE BEEN FAR WORSE...

WORDS BEN BIGGS

n the morning of 4 February 2007, US Navy Captain Lisa Nowak got into her car and began the 14-hour interstate journey from Houston to Orlando. A highly qualified engineer and a mission specialist in robotics for NASA, she was single-minded in the way she went about solving her most pressing problem - her rival for the affections of fellow astronaut Bill Oefelein. That would mean no time even for toilet breaks along the way. It would be 1,500 kilometres, non-stop to Orlando International Airport, save for a half-way sleep at a Days Inn.

Nowak had packed for her journey, but the contents of her duffel bag suggested a wholly different purpose than you might expect for a straightforward short-haul trip. Alongside a more innocuous tan trench coat and just over \$585 in cash, were items both sinister and obscure: a gas-powered ball-bearing pistol, a brand new steel mallet, half a dozen latex gloves, a letter with Colleen Shipman's home address, several metres of surgical tubing, a new ten-centimetre folding knife, a can of pepper spray and some large black bin liners. Whatever Nowak was preparing for, everyone involved in this case would ultimately be grateful that she never had the opportunity to use most of those items.

NOT THE RIGHT STUFF

It was around 1am on 5 February that US Air Force Captain Colleen Shipman landed at Orlando

International from Houston. Colleen had to wait two hours for her luggage to show up on the baggage claim carousel, which was enough time for her to notice that a woman clad in a conspicuous tan-coloured trench coat had been hovering nearby. Colleen didn't recognise Nowak she didn't even know she existed at the time - but Nowak knew all too well who Colleen was.

NASA astronaut Bill Oefelein had met Nowak in 2004 during winter training exercises in Canada, while Nowak was still married and had three children. For Oefelein, the affair was never serious. At least, it certainly wasn't by the time he met Captain Shipman nearly two years later at a house party. The chemistry between them was instant: "He was just a charming, handsome, very polite man, and he started talking to me," Colleen told news anchor Chris Cuomo. Oefelein felt the need to be completely honest with Colleen from the start, and told her that he'd only recently split from a brief relationship. He didn't mention Nowak's name or give Colleen any further details, except to say, "I had this talk with her and we're going to remain friends, but there's no romance or anything." At the time, Colleen teased Oefelein about his mysterious ex-lover turning up on his doorstep, stalking and trying to kill her - an eerily prophetic joke.

In the weeks leading up to 5 February, Nowak had put the kind of preparation into the assault on Colleen that you might expect from an astronaut readying herself for a mission. She still had a

key to Oefelein's apartment and, without his knowledge or consent, she had used this to gain entry while he was on a mission in space. She retrieved a letter she had sent to Oefelein and obtained copies of emails sent between him and Colleen - which was how she gained knowledge of some of Colleen Shipman's personal details and her travel itinerary. Nowak later told the authorities that she just wanted to "sit down and have a talk" with Colleen, but neither the victim nor the police were convinced that this was Nowak's true intent.

By the time Colleen boarded the shuttle bus to the airport car park with the strange tan-coated woman in tow, she was getting nervous. She tried to gain eye contact and even attempted small talk with her fellow traveller, but Nowak ignored her. When Colleen got off the bus and made her way to her car, Nowak also exited and began to follow Colleen, clutching her duffel bag. Colleen heard the swishing of the stranger's clothing close behind her. Suddenly terrified, she broke into a sprint. She reached her car, threw herself into the driver's seat, slammed the door and locked it shut just in time. Nowak had given chase but, perhaps weighed down by the duffel back that she refused to drop, she got to Colleen's vehicle too late. As she tried to yank on the handle and beat the driver's side window, it occurred to Colleen that she had narrowly avoided a carjacking or being mugged. The awful possibilities of what this woman might have done didn't occur to anyone until later. From



the relative safety of her car, Colleen was able to summon some courage. She shouted at her wouldbe assailant and then fumbled with her car keys in the ignition.

ASTRO NUT

At that point, the woman who had stolen the heart of the man Nowak loved "more than I knew possible" (according to a letter she wrote to Oefelein's mother) was about to slip through her fingers. Nowak changed tack. The snarls turned to pleas: her ride hadn't turned up – she was a woman, alone and stranded in the dark car park at an ungodly hour in the morning. Colleen said she would call for help but then Nowak turned on the waterworks and said she couldn't hear what she was saying through the glass. The act was convincing enough for Colleen to pause, drop her guard and then wind down her window a few centimetres with the intention of helping this forlorn stranger. That's when Nowak attacked. Pepper spray at the ready, she reached through the crack in the window, aimed the nozzle and blasted

Colleen in the face with a burning, blinding stream of liquid.

Somehow, Colleen was able to turn the ignition, gun her engine and, through streaming eyes, accelerate off to the nearby car park tollbooth, where she frantically called for police assistance. An officer quickly made his way to the scene, where he found Nowak at the bus stop, having changed her coat and dumped what turned out to be particularly incriminating items into a nearby rubbish bin - including the wig and the gaspowered ball-bearing gun.

Nowak was caught red-handed. She was nobody's fool, so she must have realised that trying to wriggle out of this was going to be futile. She gave herself up and admitted to the allegations made against her by Colleen, then allowed the police to search her car. There, the rest of her suspicious inventory was discovered, which as far as the cops were concerned painted a damning picture of Nowak's intentions.

The police report stated that Nowak said she was "not trying to cause any bodily harm to Ms. Shipman and that she only wanted to

scare Ms. Shipman into talking with her." But given the dubious collection of items brought along by Nowak specifically for this mission, that explanation didn't quite tally up with the police. Nowak could have tried emailing or phoning Colleen. She'd had ample opportunity to talk to Colleen in the airport face to face during the two hours leading up to the remote car park confrontation. Sure, the ball-bearing gun could have given Nowak the advantage in a frank conversation about a love triangle that she had been elbowed out of, but the knife and steel mallet were brand new. And what were her intentions for the disposable gloves, the bin liners and the surgical tubing?

The initial charges of attempted kidnapping - among others - were upgraded to attempted murder as Orlando police stated they had evidence that Nowak intended "to do serious bodily injury or death" to Colleen. Nowak's lawyer argued that the police didn't have enough evidence to convict Nowak of this more serious charge and suggested that the police were simply trying to convince the judge to allow them to keep her in custody. Presumably the cops thought Nowak was a flight risk – and space is a much harder place to track fugitives down than planet Earth.

Eventually a compromise was reached: her bail bond was raised to \$25,500 and the judge ordered Nowak to wear an ankle tracking device for several weeks.

ALONGSIDE AN INNOCUOUS TAN TRENCH COAT AND JUST OVER \$585 IN CASH WERE ITEMS BOTH SINISTER AND OBSCURE 272

CAPTAIN NOWAK'S FLIGHT

CCTV SHOWED HOW NOWAK HAD AMPLE OPPORTUNITY TO CONFRONT AND SIMPLY TALK TO SHIPMAN AT THE AIRPORT, AND ALSO CAUGHT HER FINAL SPRINT TO ACCOST HER VICTIM



Nowak, wearing a jacket, hat and wig, waits at Orlando International arrivals for Colleen Shipman, who is due any minute.



Nowak begins to follow Colleen once she arrives. Colleen waits at the baggage claim while, nearby, Nowak puts a tan trench coat on.



3.15AM Colleen's baggage is delayed, so this cat and mouse game continues for another two hours. Colleen finally returns from wandering around. Nowak isn't far behind.



3.22AM From the terminal entrance colly cameras, normal sales. Because the area where shuttle buses From the terminal entrance CCTV cameras, Nowak can take people to the airport car parks.



LEFT Shipman alleged that Lisa Nowak told no one she was going to Florida and made the 1,550-kilometre journey by car instead of boarding an internal flight to avoid leaving records of her being in Orlando



MORAL SUPPORT

THE PRESS NATURALLY HAD A FIELD DAY WITH THE CASE, BUT NOT EVERYONE WAS AS UNFORGIVING AS SOME OF THE HEADLINE STORIES

One of Nowak's colleagues, James Hooper, came forward to testify as to Nowak's character, saying that she was exactly the kind of officer he wanted working for him: "Without question... she's quite satisfactory and most honourable." Others had a more scientific and, paradoxically, a more understanding perspective of the emotions involved. NASA astronauts put themselves in a pressure cooker of rigorous physical and mental training along with constant media attention, and Nowak's own training came shortly after the 2003 Colombia space shuttle disaster in which the entire crew died - including a good friend of hers. "I would think that the stressors that she had," said Dr. Paul Siegel, a psychologist and professor at SUNY-Purchase, "while having to be this super-mom taking care of three kids at the same time, gearing up for a mission that was very much in the public eye in the wake of the Columbia tragedy, would be extraordinarily stressful."



JILTED ASTRONAUT'S ROCKET RAGE | ★

HOUSTON: SHE'S GOT A PROBLEM

In a public statement, Nowak apologised for her actions: "The past six months have been very difficult for me, my family and others close to me. I know that it also must have been very hard for Colleen Shipman, and I would like her to know how very sorry I am about having frightened her in any way and about the subsequent public harassment that has besieged all of us."

But Colleen didn't buy it. She made a tearful statement to the court at the trial, as she recalled the detail and trauma of 5 February: "I knew in my heart that when Lisa Nowak attacked me she was going to kill me," she said, her voice occasionally cracking with emotion. "It was in her eyes... limitless rage and glee." She urged the judge to not let Nowak fool her, the way she had been fooled: "It's my understanding that Lisa Nowak researched murder and dismemberment, as well as disguises and trace evidence. I am 100 per cent certain that she came here to murder me." Colleen then told the court how the attack had terrible consequences for her. She suffered nightmares and disturbing flashbacks, chest pains, high blood pressure, and was eventually discharged from her job in the USAF as a result.

Nowak's lawyer filed notice that it might claim a temporary insanity defence, with a list of diagnoses, including depression and a brief psychotic disorder. Two psychiatrists from Texas were lined up to testify on her behalf, but in the end none of this was needed. Nowak's lawyer managed to get the evidence that was in her car - including the knife, pistol and mallet - barred from the trial. Nowak secured a plea bargain of felony burglary and misdemeanour battery on 10 November 2009 - a good result, all things considered. She was sentenced to the two days of time already served in jail and one year's probation. NASA had already terminated her assignment in March 2007, but in 2010 the navy demoted her from captain to commander, before Nowak retired with an "other than honourable" discharge.

To put things into perspective, Colleen Shipman is very much the victim here: regardless of the sincerity of her apology, Nowak can count herself lucky that her obsession and jealousy didn't land her with a far more serious criminal charge. But the case wouldn't have seized international imagination the way it did if it wasn't for the astronauts at two corners of this triangle. In a 2007 letter to The New York Times, an assistant professor of psychiatry eloquently put it: "Highly technically trained astronauts are not significantly different from the rest of us... Brilliant overachievers at NASA have estrogen, testosterone and the challenge that we all have to manage our id urges. Freud, though often glibly nodded to and dismissed, deserves careful study when it comes to all of our human foibles and passions... we are all more simply human than otherwise."







ABOVE Many of the incriminating items in the case were found in Nowak's car, but were later barred from her trial because of police misconduct during the initial search

LEFT Colleen Shipman testifying at a court hearing for Nowak in August 2007. Colleen later stated her belief that Nowak had set out to murder her



MURDER

THE BLACK METAL SCENE OF THE EARLY 1990S BOTH CREATED SOME OF HEAVY METAL'S MOST EXCITING MUSIC AND RESULTED IN THREE TRAGIC DEATHS. HERE IS ITS FULL, BLOODY LEGACY

WORDS JAMES MCMAHON



he shop was so dark you couldn't see your own hand stretched out in front of you. Burning candles made it feel more like a crypt than a store. The windows were blacked out. The walls were covered with the same dank, gloopy paint. Upon them hung a variety of medieval weapons and a few posters advertising metal shows. Out front, on the door to the street, the word "Helvete" was painted in blood red. This was the Norwegian word for Hell, descended from the Norse 'Hels Viti', meaning 'Hell's Punishment'. In time the name would come to be prophetic.

In the window was a tombstone made out of polystyrene. In the basement the words "Black Metal" were daubed upon the walls. This was a phrase lifted from the title of the really rather silly but hugely influential British band Venom's second album. Everyone who frequented or hung around the shop used it to describe this new kind of heavy metal they were all so influential in creating. Raw, brutal, fast – but actually quite beautiful in places: glacial, in thrall to nature and old history.

Legendary British music writer Paul Elliot was working as news editor of the British rock bible *Kerrang!* at this time. Excited by the music they were hearing lurch out of the scene that revolved around the shop, fascinated even more by the rumours of bad behaviour that were surrounding the music's creators, on 27 March 1993 the weekly magazine decided to share the story of what was happening in Norway via their magazine cover. "Arson... Death... Satanic Ritual..." roared the strap. "The Ugly Truth About Black Metal".

"Looking back on it now, it was the most shocking story ever featured in *Kerrangt*" remembered Elliot. "What was going on made for good copy for the magazine and the bands benefitted from the exposure we gave them. Our story was sensational but not to my mind sensationalist given the seriousness of the crimes committed. Some great music came out of that scene and era. But it will always be remembered for the insanity and brutality of what those impressionable young men descended into."

Without Helvete, there is no black metal. The Oslo record shop was where 'The Black Circle' or the 'Black Metal Inner Circle' would meet. A silly club name, more



EURONYMOUS WOULD BE FOUND... STABBED 23 TIMES IN THE HEAD, NECK AND BACK. COUNT GRISHNACKH WAS RESPONSIBLE 22

RIGHT Øystein 'Euronymous' Aarseth was at the centre of the black metal scene, until his murder on 10 August 1993

BELOW A young Varg Vikernes on trial. He would later be sentenced to 21 years in prison, the maximum punishment in Norway ominous than it sounds because of the events that would transpire, it was a group that included members of the black metal bands Mayhem, Emperor, Burzum and Thorns. They all had an interest in Satanism, but really their core interest was in pissing people off. At the heart of it all was the shop's founder, Øystein Aarseth. He was better known as 'Euronymous' – guitarist, scene leader and a founding member in the band Mayhem. From the shop, Euronymous ran his record label. Its name? Deathlike Silence Productions.

Members of the group made Helvete their home from time to time: sometimes Euronymous, sometimes Emperor guitarist Tomas 'Samoth' Haugen. Emperor's drummer Bård Guldvik Eithun, also known as 'Faust', combined living and working in the shop. And then there was Varg Vikernes, also known as 'Count Grishnackh'. In 1991, Euronymous's band Mayhem found themselves short of a bassist; 22-year-old Per Yngve Ohlin, nicknamed 'Pelle' (but far more commonly 'Dead') would take his own life on 8 April of that year. It resulted in a reshuffling of the band's personnel. And so Count Grishnackh and Euronymous came to be in the same band, if not quite ever bandmates.

Just over two years later, on 10 August, Euronymous would be found on stairs leading to his apartment. He'd been stabbed 23 times in the head, neck and back. Count Grishnackh was responsible.

THE COUNT COMETH

Born in Bergen on the west coast of Norway, Kristian Vikernes – as he was then known – came into the world on 11 February 1973.

When he was six, his family moved to Iraq. His mother worked for an oil company, his father for Saddam Hussein's government in Baghdad, developing computer programs. He had a brother, 18 months or so his senior. Once the family had arrived in the Iraqi capital, the Vikernes family quickly





learned that Bagdad's English school couldn't accommodate the young Kristian. But the Iraqi elementary school could.

Many years later, Vikernes would tell Didrik Schjerven Søderlind and Michael Moynihan, authors of 1998's Lords Of Chaos (the seminal - if editorially biased - account of the early Norwegian black metal scene) that it was this experience that led him to become "aware of racial matters". Corporal punishment was a fixture of his new school. One day in class, Vikernes called a teacher a "monkey". He wasn't slapped. Empowered by a belief that the teachers "didn't dare to hit [him] because he was white," the young Vikernes began to foster warped opinions about racial superiority. Allegedly, his father had a swastika flag on display at home. His mother - he again later told Lords Of Chaos - expressed concern her son might bring home "a black girl". His parents separated when he was 11. Though he maintained a relationship with his mother that remains to this day, his father had faded from view long ago.

Vikernes's beliefs, and his interest in white supremacy, never went away. Before his involvement in black metal, it's

WHAT IS BLACK METAL?

JONATHAN SELZER, REVIEWS EDITOR AT METAL HAMMER MAGAZINE, EXPLAINS THIS FORBIDDING MUSIC SCENE

"I think black metal means different things to different people, but for me, I'd say it's a link between the visceral and the sublime, rooted in something primitive but seeking to invoke something ancient and dormant in the modern world.

Purists will say only bands with a Satanic outlook can call themselves black metal. Its core sound is defined by speedy tremelo picking, rapid-fire drums, blastbeats and shrieking vocal, but most fans of the subgenre would agree that black metal has always been about more than the music. It's an attitude, value system and an unholy atmosphere you need true belief to attain. It's dedicated to nihilism and transgression, but transcendence too.

It's important to remember that what was happening with the Second Wave that people like Euronymous and Vikernes were part of, is it was a tiny scene at the time, so everything created ripples. As often happens in nascent scenes, there's

a jostling to lay claim to its foundations and ideology, of everyone trying to outdo each other. Tie that into a scene entwined with nihilism, misanthropy and anti-Christian fervour, but one that also operated as a cult, and it was a tinderbox waiting to ignite.

The fact that black metal is very much alive 30 years or so later is a very powerful legacy, but the fact that it's also been very aware of its own roots has kept the narrative of metal as a whole alive, has proved that something essentially primitive can be expansive, and has also kept alive the idea of metal as both outsider music and musically charged. I have been to Neseblod in Oslo, and if you're invested in black metal, it's a treasure trove. It's pretty claustrophobic, which adds to the

atmosphere, but the sheer volume of albums and paraphernalia on display could keep you there for hours. Of course the basement with the 'Black Metal' sign is kind of like Stonehenge for metalheads. So much history surrounds it, and whether you're projecting it yourself of not, there's a power there that you can feel too."

RIGHT Watain, a Swedish black metal band formed in 1998, prove that black metal is still alive, even if many of its founding fathers are not







BURNINGS AND BOMBINGS

A CLOSER LOOK AT THE ARSON THAT SET NORWAY ALIGHT

In 1992 and 1993, Norway was rocked by a spate of church burnings. On 6 June 1992 the 12th-century Fantoft stave church was destroyed by arson. The following year, another seven – in Oslo, Bergen and Vindafjord – were set alight. Varg Vikernes was found guilty for some of the attacks. Yet the burnings continued after his arrest – on 16 May 1994, on the day of Vikernes's sentencing, two churches were set alight, apparently in solidarity. It's said that by 1996, there'd been at least 50 churches burned, either partially or completely. The cover of Burzum's EP Aske (Norwegian for 'ashes') released in March 1993 is a photograph of the charred remains of the Fantoft stave church. It's never been confirmed, but it's believed the photo was taken by Vikernes himself.

The common belief was that Satanism was the motive behind the crimes. Heathen motivations would be a better description. "I am not going to say that I burnt any churches," Varg Vikernes told the authors of *Lords Of Chaos*, "but let me put it this way: there was one person who started it. I was not found guilty of burning the Fantoft stave church, but anyway, that was what triggered the whole thing. That was the 6th of June and everyone linked it to Satanism... What everyone overlooked was that on the 6th June, 793, in Lindesfarne in Britain was the site of the first known Viking raid in history, with Vikings from Hordaland, which is my county... They [the Christians] desecrated our graves, our burial mounds, so it's revenge." Mayhem's De Mysteriis Dom Sathanas album, a recording that features both Vikernes and his victim Euronymous, has on its cover a photo of Nidaros Cathedral. According to the 2007 movie *Once Upon A Time In Norway*, the pair had once planned to bomb the album sleeve's subject matter.

ABOVE The cover of Burzum's EP Aske, released in March 1993. The photograph is of what remained of the Fantoft stave church after being set alight

EURONYMOUS MADE NECKLACES WITH BITS OF PELLE'S SKULL. HE BEGAN GIFTING THEM TO MUSICIANS HE RESPECTED 122

alleged that the adolescent dabbled in Norway's fledgling skinhead scene.

The young Vikernes loved *The Lord Of The Rings*. The name Grishnackh would in time be taken from that of an orc in J.R.R Tolkien's Middle Earth. He enjoyed classical music and was a big fan of the Russian composer Tchaikovsky. At age 12 he discovered heavy metal. Iron Maiden were his favourites. He soon dug deeper into what metal had to offer. There was the Swiss extreme metal band Celtic Frost, while from Sweden there was Bathory, named after the notorious Hungarian noblewoman and alleged serial killer Elizabeth Báthory (according to the *Guinness Book Of Records*,

the most prolific female murderer ever).

Aged 14, he began to learn the guitar. By
17 he was playing with the Bergen death
metal band Old Funeral. Shortly after,
and again borrowing from Tolkien
(the word, taken from the
"Black Speech" inscribed
on "the one ring to
rule them all",

can be translated as meaning 'darkness'), Vikernes formed Burzum, his solo musical project.

Vikernes had another hobby – burning churches. On 20 January 1993, a few months before the *Kerrang!* cover that sported a young Vikernes on it (his hair covering all but one eye, and in his hands a variety of weapons), one of Norway's biggest newspapers, *Bergens Tidende*, ran an exposé on the recent bout of torched churches. They blamed Vikernes and other members of the black metal scene.

Later, Vikernes would claim that the whole thing was a promotional construct dreamt up by himself and Euronymous to promote Helvete and increase the popularity of black metal. He was briefly taken into custody. In February 1993, Norwegian music magazine *Rock Furore* published an interview with Vikernes in which he bemoaned the country's prison system: "It's much too nice here. It's not hell at all. In this country prisoners get a bed, toilet and shower. It's completely ridiculous. I asked the police to throw me in a real dungeon, and also encouraged them to use violence." And somewhere within all of this, Dead died.

DEATH BECOMES HIM

Though he expired just years into his 20s, by the time he died it still seemed like 'Pelle', as his friends were fond of calling him, was well into mortal overtime. Bullied at school, the young Swede was allegedly declared clinically dead

before he'd even arrived at puberty. It's said he ruptured his spleen after one beating.

The use of 'corpse paint' – black and white makeup used to create the impression





of being deceased and decaying – is now common among black metal musicians, but it's believed that Pelle was the first to ever wear it. "Dead actually wanted to look like a corpse," said Mayhem bassist Jørn 'Necrobutcher' Stubberud. "He didn't do it to look cool". Pelle took his desire to look deceased even further, burying his clothes before a show, then digging them up to wear them onstage. Mayhem drummer Jan Axel 'Hellhammer' Blomberg recalled that the singer once asked the band to bury him before a gig. "He wanted his skin to become pale".

Death was never far from Pelle's mind. Before joining Mayhem, his first band was named Morbid. Expressing his interest to join Mayhem, he posted Necrobutcher a package with a crucified mouse inside. Many in the scene believed Dead suffered from Cotard delusion, a rare mental illness that results in the affected believing they are already dead.

Pelle would mutilate himself onstage. He kept dead geese underneath his bed, and he once found a dead crow and henceforth carried it around in a plastic bag. He'd inhale the contents of the bag before performances. Then and now, Mayhem were notorious for decorating the stage of their live shows with severed animal heads.

Not that Pelle was the only bandmember obsessed with the macabre. Years later, incensed by a music journalist's comments, Euronymous's replacement Rune 'Blasphemer' Eriksen and Hellhammer drove to a slaughterhouse, procured a pig's head and placed it outside the journalist's house with a dagger embedded between the swine's eyes. And then there was Euronymous himself. Where others in the scene became concerned about Pelle's fascination with death, it's alleged by many that Euronymous cultivated it. "I don't know if Øystein did it out of pure evil," former Mayhem drummer Kjetil Manheim said in the 2007 documentary *Once Upon A Time In Norway*, "or if he was just fooling around". Somehow, along with Hellhammer, Pelle and Euronymous ended up living together in a house in the woods in Kråkstad where Mayhem would practise. Frustrated by the proximity to each other, Pelle slept in the woods to get away from some synthesizer music he didn't like but Euronymous did. Euronymous's response was to charge outside and begin firing shotgun shells into the air.

Then on 8 April 1991, Pelle slit his wrists and throat. Then, just to make sure, he shot himself with Euronymous's shotgun. The note found with his body 'explained' he was "not a human. This is just a dream and soon I will be awake". It opened with the wry line, "Excuse the blood".

Euronymous found the body, but before calling the police, he walked to a shop and bought a disposable camera. Upon returning, he took photos. "Oystein called me up the next day," Necrobutcher told *The Guardian*'s Chris Campion in 2007. "He says, 'Dead has done something really cool! He killed himself.' I thought, have you lost it? What do you mean cool? He says, 'Relax, I have photos of everything.' I was in shock and grief. He was just thinking how to exploit it. So I told him, 'Okav. Don't even fucking call

He didn't. Euronymous kept them in a drawer at Helvete. Somehow one of the photos made its way to Euronymous's pen pal, Mauricio 'Bull Metal' Montoya, owner of Colombia's Warmaster Records. In 1995 it ended up on the cover of the bootleg Mayhem live album, *Dawn Of The Black Hearts*.

me before you destroy those

pictures."

Euronymous made necklaces with bits of Pelle's skull. He began gifting them to musicians he respected in the scene. Disgusted, Necrobutcher left the band for the time being.

HELL ON EARTH

Enter Varg Vikernes. "No one knew who he was when he first came to Helvete," said Faust about the blond, intense new arrival to the scene. "He came out of nowhere, this serious-looking guy from Bergen who doesn't drink alcohol but milk. It was a party scene. And he stood out from the crowd."

Faust, it should be noted, is a convicted murderer. While visiting family in Lillehammer, he stabbed a gay man named Magne Andreassen in the Winter Olympic Park 37 times, then kicked him

RIGHT Dead, smothered in makeup to look like a corpse, in a photo taken from Jørn Stubberud's The Death Archives: Mayhem 1984-94



ABOVE-LEFT Holmenkollen Chapel in Norway. Vikernes and Faust were tried and sentenced for committing arson upon it in 1992. Euronymous participated too, though death saw him escape that sentence. The church was restored in 1996

LEFT Founded in 1982, the anarchist, communist, socialist commune the Blitz House was allegedly a target for Vikernes









in his head repeatedly until he died. "This man approached me," Faust told Lords Of Chaos. "He was obviously drunk and obviously a faggot. It was obvious that he wanted to have some contact. Then he asked me if we could go up to the woods. So I agreed, because already then I had decided that I wanted to kill him, which was very weird because I'm not like this".

Initially it seemed like Faust had evaded punishment, despite confiding in Vikernes and Euronymous about what he had done. For a while, the open secret within the Helvete crowd concerning his crime, and that he'd seemingly gotten away with it, seemed to empower the group. With hindsight, many present within the scene, as well as outside commentators, have said this murderous episode - and the introduction of Vikernes to the circle - is key to understanding the exacerbation of the bloodshed to follow.

In 1994 Faust was sentenced to 14 years in prison. He was released in 2003 after serving nine years and four months.

Initially, Vikernes and Euronymous were close. It was an obvious union - if one with a shelf life. Vikernes and Euronymous were both hyper-enthusiastic about this new **ABOVE-LEFT** Mayhem founding member Jørn Stubberud, aka Necrobutcher, is now Mayhem's only remaining original member, after reforming the band following the 1993 murder of Furonymous

ABOVE-RIGHT Vikernes during his trial in Norway in 1994, alongisde lawver Tor Erling Staff Vikernes claimed he acted in self-defence, but a 14-day trial saw him given the maximum sentence possible under Norweigan law

OPPOSITE-TOP Vikernes was arrested at his home in central France in 2013 along with his French wife. He was suspected of planning a major terrorist act, although he was released without being charged 48 hours later for lack of evidence

music they were both at the nucleus of creating. Euronymous offered to release Burzum's music and offered him a role in Mayhem. Where they differed was that, while they both proclaimed to be evil - being so was a badge of honour within the scene - Vikernes had more claim to this title, and Euronymous was just pretending.

At some point all music scenes always end badly. Take any group of young, creative, developing people, throw in the issue of ego, and chances are fallouts will occur. Add weapons to the mix, nationalistic fervour, testosterone, mental illness, insecurity and a fledgling belief in Satanism, and it's a recipe for disaster. There are only two people who will ever know the specifics as to why Vikernes decided to murder Øystein Aarseth. One of them is dead. The other insists it was for reasons of self-defence. This claim is often disputed, but it should be noted that Euronymous was known within the black metal scene for sending death threats to anyone he had the slightest of disagreements with.

Vikernes actually claims that Euronymous intended to tie him up and torture him to death with a stun gun, and capture the act on video. "If he was talking about it to everybody and anybody I wouldn't have taken it seriously" he said. "But he just told a select group of friends, and one of them told me".

What is commonly accepted as fact, is that on the evening of 10 August 1993, Varg Vikernes and Snorre 'Blackthorn' Ruch - the guitarist in the influential Thorns, then staying with Vikernes after fleeing from the threat of being

THAT SAME MONTH SAW THE RELEASE OF MAYHEM'S ALBUM DE MYSTERIIS DOM SATHANAS. FEATURING THE VICTIM ON GUITAR AND KILLER ON BASS 22



*

committed to a mental institution – got in a car and drove from Bergen to Oslo, to Euronymous's flat. When Aarseth opened the door of his fourth-floor apartment at around 4am, he was in his underwear. There was an altercation, and Vikernes stabbed Euronymous to death.

Blackthorn played no part in the killing. He stood outside and smoked. Yet, like many details surrounding the crime, there is debate as to how much the guitarist knew prior to getting in the car. Vikernes claims Blackthorn only came on the journey because he wanted to show Euronymous some new guitar riffs he'd written, and that he was "in the wrong place at the wrong time". Blackthorn claims Vikernes pressured him into accompanying him. "I was neither for nor against it" he later said. "I didn't give a shit about Øystein."

Vikernes claims the majority of Euronymous's wounds came from being punctured by glass broken during the fateful encounter. On the way home from Oslo to Bergen, Vikernes stopped at a lake, washed and discarded his bloodstained clothes.

"In all honesty it seemed a bit silly and comedic until the murder of the homosexual man in Lillehammer, and of Euronymous," said *Kerrang!*'s Paul Elliott. "Everything very quickly spiralled out of control."

AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

Vikernes was arrested in Bergen on 19 August 1993. Faust and Blackthorn – who would receive eight years for being an accessory to murder – were also taken in for questioning. Everyone ratted on each other, everyone talked. Everyone but Vikernes, who viewed the fracturing of loyalties with distain.

Inside Vikernes's home, police discovered some 3,000 rounds of ammunition and 150 kilograms of explosives. It has long been suggested that Vikernes intended to obliterate the anarchist, anti-fascist Oslo squat Blitz House, although he denies this. "I was getting [the explosives and ammunition] in order to defend Norway if we were attacked any time," he said during a 2009 interview with the Norwegian tabloid *Dagbladet*. The headline of that article declared, "The Count Regrets Nothing".

The trial began the following year, on 2 May 1994. Vikernes was represented by the eccentric Stein-Erik Mattsson (as well as working as a lawyer, Mattsson was once director of the Norwegian Curling Association and editorin-chief of the pornographic magazine *Alle Menn*). Decades before the atrocities committed by Anders Breivik, Vikernes quickly became Norway's most notorious fiend.

On 16 May 1994, Vikernes received Norway's maximum penalty of 21 years imprisonment for the murder of Euronymous. He was also deemed guilty of committing arson on three churches, the attempted arson of a fourth, and for stealing and storing 150 kilograms of explosives. Vikernes only confessed to the theft and storage of the explosives. The same month also saw the release of Mayhem's album *De Mysteriis Dom Sathanas*, which features the victim on guitar and killer on bass. Euronymous's family had pleaded with Mayhem's drummer, Hellhammer, to remove Vikernes's bass tracks from the recording. He ignored the request. "I thought it was appropriate that the murderer and victim were on the same record," he said. "I put word out that I was re-recording the bass parts, but I never did."

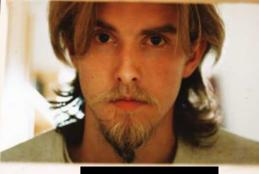
Vikernes served 15 years of his sentence and was released on 22 May 2009 on probation. He now resides in France with his wife and children. Other than being convicted for inciting racial hatred against Jews and Muslims in 2014, he's lived a relatively low-key life.



He blogs and makes music. In 2013 he was arrested on charges of planning to commit terrorism after his wife bought four rifles, but it was later found that she owned the correct permits. It seems Vikernes has too much to lose to be plotting mass murder. In 2015 he even released his own tabletop fantasy role-playing game, based upon "European values, geography, (pre-)history, mythology, traditions and morals".

In Oslo, Helvete still stands, though it's now called Neseblod. It's now as much a black metal museum as it is a record shop. On the wall hang props from Burzum photoshoots, a sheet dotted with

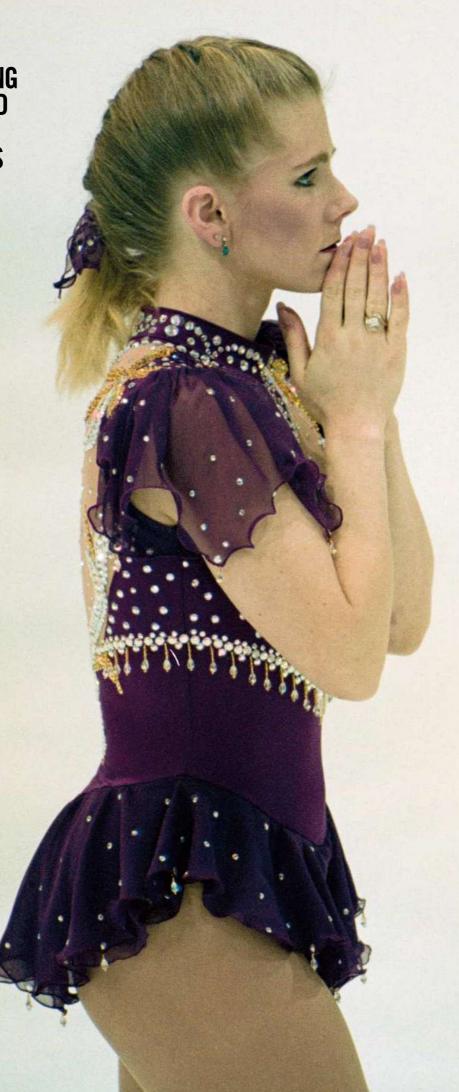
Euronymous's blood. In an article written by the journalist Matt Bacon from *Metal Injection*, posted in 2016 upon paying pilgrimage to the site, the owner of the new shop had remarked, "All we are really missing is Dead's body to hang up with all the other stuff."

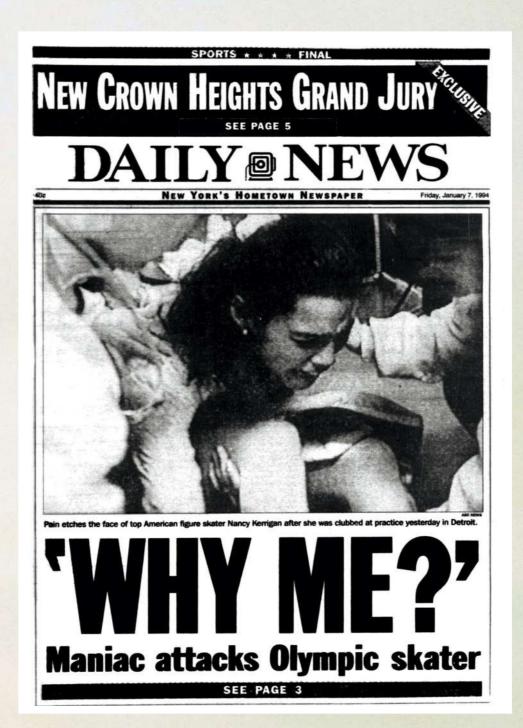


ABOVE Varg Vikernes in prison. At the end of 1994, Vikernes wrote a book entitled Vargsmål (in English, 'Varg's Speech'), to 'defend' himself against "all the media lies"



HAD TONYA HARDING BEEN SO FRIGHTENED OF HER OPPONENT'S SKILLS THAT SHE WAS PREPARED TO HAVE HER ASSAULTED? 172





DETROIT COBO ARENA, US, 6 JANUARY 1994

ASSAULT AT COBO ARENA

THEY HAD BEEN LONG-STANDING FIGURE SKATING RIVALS, BUT NOBODY COULD HAVE IMAGINED THE SHOCKING SOAP OPERA THAT WOULD PLAY OUT BETWEEN TONYA HARDING AND NANCY KERRIGAN

The feud between Tonya Harding and Nancy Kerrigan came to a head just before the 1994 US Figure Skating Championships, when Kerrigan was attacked with a baton to the leg as she finished training. It transpired that the assailant, Shane Stant, had been hired by Harding's ex-husband, Jeff Gillooly, and her bodyguard, Shawn Eckardt. The intention had

been to stop Kerrigan from competing in the Nationals and the following Winter Olympics, but what was not so clear was the potential involvement of Harding. Had the skater been so frightened of her opponent's skills that she was prepared to resort to such brutal tactics?

While Kerrigan's injuries were less serious than first feared, the media frenzy only

increased. The men admitted their part in the event, but Harding still denies culpability. Notes of Kerrigan's practice schedule written in Harding's handwriting strongly suggest her involvement, but to date she's only confessed to conspiracy to hinder prosecution. She received three years' probation, a \$100,000 fine and 500 hours of community service.

VICTIMS

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Marvin Gaye's death at the
hands of his father was the
result of decades of bad blood

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Rose McGowan watched Harvey
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An overconfident trio did the
unthinkable and abducted the
son of the mob's favourite crooner

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Was it a jealous ex, an undercover criminal gang or a maniac fan that assassinated Jill Dando on her doorstep?

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Dorothy Stratten enchanted three men – one developed her, one directed her, and one murdered her

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It took nerve to access the reality TV start's hotel room and fleece her of a fortune, but who were these criminals?

128 THE WASP WOMAN
The beautiful recluse would

The beautiful recluse would have slipped into obscurity if it weren't for her gruesome murder at the hands of her son

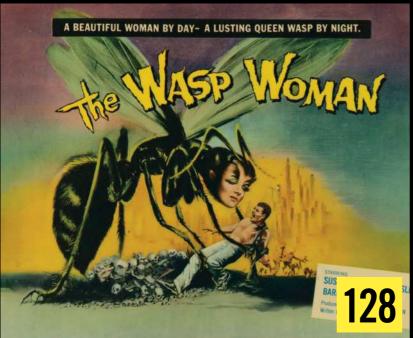




















WHO SHOT TUPAC?

SINCE LEGENDARY RAPPER TUPAC SHAKUR WAS GUNNED DOWN, ARRESTS HAVE BEEN MADE, FINGERS POINTED AND RUMOURS GESTATED, BUT STILL NO ONE HAS BEEN CONVICTED OF HIS MURDER. REAL CRIME SIFTS THROUGH THE FACTS AND WILD FICTION OF THE CASE WITH THE HELP OF ONE OF THE MEN ACCUSED OF INSTIGATING THE EAST-WEST COAST RIVALRY



onsidered one of the greatest rappers ever, Tupac Shakur is still a larger–than-life legend 20 years after his death. Born in New York City in 1971 to Afeni Shakur and Billy Garland, active members of the Black Panther Party, he was raised by his mother, who had spent part of her pregnancy in jail for a Black Panther-related bombing she was later acquitted of. Tupac didn't know his father growing up and was raised by the Black Panthers in the cauldron of tensions and racial inequality the organisation was fighting against.

Tupac's godfather was high-ranking Black Panther Party member Geronimo Pratt and his stepfather was Mutulu Shakur, who was on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list in the 1980s. Mutulu was wanted for a series of crimes including helping his sister, Assata Shakur, escape to Cuba from a New Jersey penitentiary after being convicted of killing a state trooper in 1973, and a

1986 armoured truck robbery in which two police officers and a guard were killed. Born in a violent era, with violence all around him, Tupac was more revolutionary than entertainer. He was named after an 18th-century Peruvian, Tupac Amaru, who was executed after leading an uprising against Spanish rule. A fitting nom de guerre for the polarising man Tupac would become.

From the jump, Tupac was a very artistic child, getting involved in theatre and even performing in Shakespearean plays. After spending his formative years in East Harlem, his family relocated to Baltimore in 1986 and Tupac continued his love affair with performing, attending the Baltimore School of Arts. After getting into rap as a teen, Tupac found a muse in hip-hop and a forum that was uniquely suited to his talents. To many that encountered him in these early years, it was obvious that he had a bright future in front of him, before his family relocated again in 1988 to the

San Francisco Bay area in California when Tupac

In the Bay area, he hooked up with Oakland alternative hip-hop group Digital Underground, first as a break dancer and then, eventually, as he worked his way into the group as an MC, appearing on several songs and launching his rap career. In the early 1990s, he released his first album, 2Pacalypse Now. His next album, Strictly 4 My Niggaz, which sold over 1 million copies, solidified his place in hip-hop with radio hits like Keep Your Head Up and I Get Around. Tupac also got back into action as an actor starring as the cold-blooded gangsta Bishop in 1992's Juice, and showing his sensitive side in 1993's Poetic Justice with Janet Jackson.

"Tupac's music and gangster image was a combination of two things," Walter 'King Tut' Johnson, an infamous New York street legend who was implicated in the Quad Studio shooting that



precipitated Tupac's murder, told **Real Crime**. "He was truly a conflicted individual due to his exposure to reality. Pac had two sides and both of them inspired him to move towards a single destination. He had to utilise a combination of what he learned at home, in the streets, and in the school of performing arts to become that magnetic force of nature and persuasion." But Tupac, as befitting his entrance to the world via the Black Panthers, would live and die by the gun.

THE DEATH OF AN ICON

After attending the Mike Tyson/Bruce Seldon heavyweight championship fight on 7 September 1996 in Las Vegas, Nevada, with Death Row Records head honcho Suge Knight, Tupac Shakur was fatally shot with a .40-calibre Glock in a drive-by shooting. Apparently the victim of a retaliatory hit after a beatdown by Tupac and his entourage, captured on a security camera in the lobby of the MGM Grand Casino, of Southside Crip Orlando 'Baby Lane' Anderson, Tupac lingered for six days before succumbing to his wounds on 13 September 1996 at the age of 25. 20 years later, we're still no closer to knowing who murdered the gangsta rap icon.

We know that when Knight stopped at the intersection of Flamingo and Koval, a white Cadillac pulled up on the passenger side of Knight's car and fired shots out of the back-seat window, hitting Tupac four times and grazing Knight in the head with a bullet. Only in 2014, 18 years after the shooting, did retired Las Vegas Police Department Sergeant Chris Carroll admit that he was the first officer on the scene. When he opened the door, Tupac fell out of the car covered in blood. The officer asked Tupac, "Who shot you?" and Tupac responded, "Fuck you."

Tupac was taken to the University Medical Center and placed in a medically induced coma. He died six days later after never regaining consciousness, which made his "Fuck you" to Officer Carroll his last words: a fitting epitaph for the gangsta rapper that seemed to court chaos and controversy in equal terms. Since then, there have been numerous theories put forth about his death, but not one of them has led to any arrests and the case is still open today – a stunning conclusion to Tupac's short but extravagant life.

"The murder of Tupac will always be one of the biggest tragedies and mysteries in the hip-hop files," Jimmy Dasaint, bestselling author of *Black Scarface*, told us. "At the peak of his popularity he was gunned down in the streets. Tupac was an eccentric man with a gift like none other. A man before his time that revolutionised the world of hardcore/conscious rap. When he was taken away, the whole world stopped. Leaving us only memories and a collection of timeless music that will never die."

To get the real deal on Tupac's murder, you have to understand the history behind it and what led up to that climactic final moment when he was and murdered in public. Tupac was in the crosshairs of his rivals and didn't even know it. A series of events were conspiring to rob him of his life. The tension was building and when it boiled over, Tupac Shakur, the voice of a generation, was dead.

THE TIPPING POINT

"Tupac Shakur's death meant the ending of something extremely necessary and beautiful. Tupac was a paragon of hope and a person capable of articulating a truth that most people deny, run away from or are too ignorant to comprehend," King Tut said. The Quad Studios shooting, in which he was a suspect, sparked the East Coast-West Coast

feud that spiralled out of control and set the hip-hop world on fire, eventually leading to Tupac's murder. King Tut is doing a life sentence in federal prison now, under the three strikes law, but he's always maintained his innocence in the Tupac shooting at Quad Studios.

"I was a man with a chequered past and a reputation for robberies," King Tut told us from his prison cell. "I just returned home from having a serious situation with civil assassins that attempted to kill me while in the presence of my five-year-old child at a public barbershop. Law enforcement hated me because they didn't want to accept the fact that their officers were in the wrong... they were dirty cops that tried to murder me with guns that had obliterated serial numbers. Law enforcement also hated Tupac because he was the resurrection of a movement and the voice of a generation that was soon to come. The police were in collusion with lying informants using propaganda to eliminate the both of us."

But the story of King Tut shooting Tupac, although alive in popular culture and hotly debated by hip-hop aficionados, has been disproved by another man, Dexter Isaac. Isaac published a book from prison, *From Friends To Enemies*, wherein he admitted that he orchestrated the Quad Studio shooting and robbery on behalf of rap maestro Jimmy Henchman. Isaac, who is serving life in a federal penitentiary for an unrelated murder, breaks down what happened, why it happened and who was behind it all in his book.

"In 1994, James 'Jimmy Henchman' Rosemond hired me to rob 2Pac Shakur at the Quad Studio. He gave me \$2,500, plus all the jewellery I took, except for one ring, which he wanted for himself," Isaac told *gorillaconvict.com*. "If I never would have robbed Tupac for Jimmy Henchman, then maybe Biggie and Tupac and many others would probably still be alive today." Isaac implied that Sean 'Puffy' Combs knew all about Henchman's plan and this was the tipping point for the climatic Bad Boy/Death Row beef that followed, leading not only to Tupac's murder but to Christopher 'Biggie Smalls' Wallace's death also. It robbed hip-hop of two of its biggest stars within six months.

CONSPIRACY THEORIES

"I'm a bit on the fence as to what happened, but I think you have to buy into one of two theories," Don Sikorski, the filmmaker and producer of *Rap Sheet: Hip-Hop And The Cops, Unjust Justice: The Jimmy Rosemond Tapes* and *BMF: The Rise And Fall Of A Hip-Hop Drug Empire*, told **Real Crime**. "The first being that Orlando Anderson and his team were upset and wanted revenge for the beating inside the MGM Grand, and they retaliated by killing Pac. The other theory that, for me, has always felt off was that Suge Knight orchestrated the death of Pac, the Orlando Anderson fight was staged by Suge as a red herring and he was ultimately responsible for not only Tupac's death but also Biggie's."

Greg Kading (author of Murder Rap: The Untold Story Of The Biggie Smalls & Tupac Shakur Murder Investigations) and Randall Sullivan (author of LAbyrinth: A Detective Investigates The Murders Of Tupac Shakur And Notorious B.I.G) are the two authorities on this subject. Both books

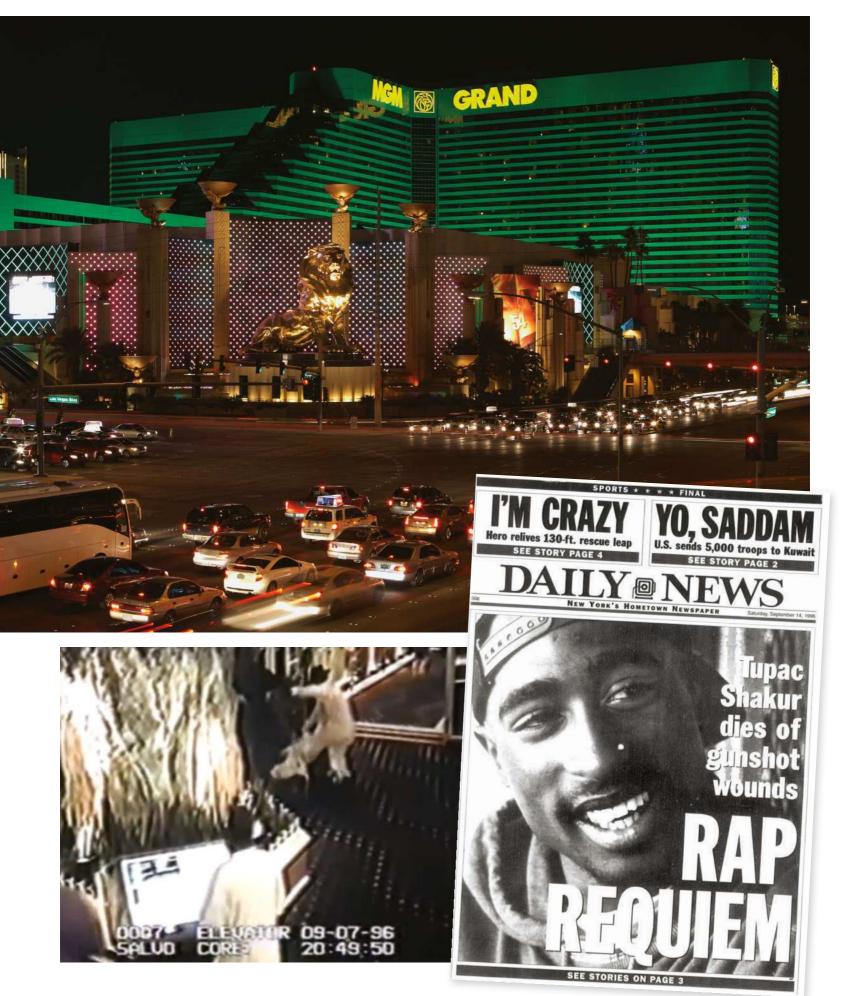


ABOVE On 7 September 1996, Tupac, Suge Knight and other Death Row members watched Mike Tyson knock out Bruce Sheldon at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas. Tupac then started a fight in the hotel-casino's lobby. Hours later, Tupac was fatally shot

RIGHT Video tape footage of Tupac and his entourage beating down Orlando 'Baby Lane' Anderson at the MGM Grand Casino on the night of Tupac's murder

"THE TENSION WAS BUILDING AND WHEN IT BOILED OVER, TUPAC SHAKUR, THE VOICE OF A GENERATION, WAS DEAD "







WEST COAST VS

AS THE BEEF BETWEEN DEATH ROW AND BAD BOY HEATED UP, INSULTS AND BARBS WERE TRADED NOT ONLY IN PERSON BUT IN SONGS AND IN PRINT

The Bad Boy/Death Row beef was highly publicised and aired out in videos, raps and print. Not only were the two companies trying to sell records and prove who was more gangsta, they were seemingly locked in a life and death battle, a struggle that was bigger than the entertainment industry and resulted in the death of two of hip-hop's biggest stars. With guns, bodyguards and entourages of hangers-on trying to prove their loyalty to their crew, the beef was

explosive and deadly with numerous bodies dropping. From Atlanta to New York to Las Vegas to California, death was always around the corner. In the gritty world of gangstas, cocaine and rap, everything was fair play and there were no rules, except survival of the fittest. From the streets to the penitentiary and back again, it was on and popping wherever and whenever with these two crews. The following are some of the words that escalated the violence associated with the beef.

Puffy let's be honest you a punk /
Or you will see me with gloves /
Remember that shit you said to Vibe
about me being a thug / You can tell the
people you roll with whatever you want
/ But you and I know what's goin' on

Against All Odds by Tupac Shakur

Who shot me? But ya punks

Who shot me? But ya punks

didn't finish / Now you

'bout to feel the Wrath of a

menace / Nigga, I hit 'em up!

Hit 'Em Up by Tupac Shakur

Hit 'Em Up by Tupac Shakur

I ain't got no motherfucking friends , That's why I fucked your bitch, you fat motherfucker

Hit 'Em Up by Tupac Shakur

New York, New York big city of dreams / And everything in New York ain't always what it seems / You might get fooled if you come from out of town / But I'm down by law and I'm from the Dogg Pound

New York, New York by Tha Dogg Pound

First off, fuck your bitch and the clique you claim / West side when we ride, come equipped with game / You claim to be a player, but I fucked your wife / We bust on Bad Boys, niggas fucked for life

Hit 'Em Up by Tupac Shakur

REHOUSE 86

LEFT At one time Tupac was a sort of mentor to Biggie Smalls. Early in both of their careers before the Bad Boy/Death Row beef, they were comrades

outline the theories of who killed Tupac and Biggie. The only problem is that they have opposing viewpoints. Lead detective Russell Poole worked the cases in the early 2000s for the LAPD, and Greg Kading came on the scene later in the late 2000s, and while both their theories make sense and are convincing, they fall apart in the face of each other.

"For me, the theory of Biggie's murder was outlined in the book *LAbyrinth* by Randall Sullivan," Sikorski said. "It's obvious LAPD officers David Mack and Rafael Perez had a hand in the murder of Biggie, and it was orchestrated by Suge. The LAPD did not want this murder solved and Russell Poole died trying to solve both the murders. I've met with Perry Sanders, the lead attorney for the Wallace

EAST COAST

Bad boys move in silence. If somebody wants to get your ass, you're gonna wake up in heaven. There ain't no record gonna be made about it. It ain't gonna be no interviews; it's gonna be straight-up. Oh shit, where am I? What are these wings on my back? Your name is Jesus Christ?' When you're involved in some real shit, it's gonna be some real shit"

Puff Daddy in a Vibe magazine article

Suge, who has never concealed his past affiliations with L.A's notorious Bloods, was rumored to be coming with an army. Puffy was said to be bringing massive New York drug lords and thugs. When the conference came and Puffy did not attend, Billboard reported that it was due to threats from Death Row.

Vibe magazine article, 'East Coast vs West Coas'

He ain't mad at the niggas that shot him; he knows where they're at. He knows who shot him. If you ask him, he knows, and everybody in the street knows, and he's not stepping to them, because he knows that he's not gonna get away with that shit. To me, that's some real sucker shit.

Biggie Smalls in Vibe magazine

C'mere c'mere... open your fucking mouth... Didn't I tell you not to fuck with me?... Ćan't talk with a gun in your mouth huh?... Bitch-ass

Everything Around Me, 2 Glock 9s / Any motherfucker

whispering about mines /

And I'm Crooklyn's finest /

You rewind this, Bad Boy's

behind this

nigga, what? Who Shot Ya? by Biggie Smalls

Family in the wrongful death lawsuit they brought against the LAPD and the City of Los Angeles. I also have met and spent a ton of time with Randall Sullivan, the author of the book. His work and investigation into the murders is hands down the best work on the two cases. I believe the theory that both Sanders and Sullivan support, with Amir Muhammad being the trigger man. But I wouldn't be surprised if all this is just a small part of a bigger picture. I do know Russell Poole spent more time than anyone looking into both those murders. Russell Poole actually had a heart attack at a sheriff's office in Los Angeles tracking down clues on the Biggie Smalls murder." But Murder Rap author Greg Kading and the LAPD believe that

disproved the allegations laid out in LAbyrinth.

"Detective Kading's findings amounted to more than just theories to me," filmmaker Michael Dorsey, who made the Murder Rap: Inside The Biggie And Tupac Murders documentary, told Real Crime. "A theory is mostly speculation, and that's all that the other films had offered. They gave fans a bunch of interviews with people who didn't know who did it, and a few scraps of old case files, instead of doing real police work and digging up evidence. Those films can be entertaining, but at the end I didn't feel like a case had been made. Fans should know that Kading and his team started with theories, and then spent three years backed by a ton of resources proving and

disproving those theories until they had a case with confessions and hard evidence."

THE OUTCOME OF THE **BAD BOY/DEATH ROW BEEF**

The entire Tupac/Biggie beef and unfortunate outcomes may not have ultimately been so much about them literally wanting to whack each other, as it may have been a far more complex yet completely screwed up series of miscommunications. As some sources have suggested, it could have been a situation of one mogul, Puff Daddy, simply running his mouth, then another mogul, Suge Knight, running his, but





ABOVE When Tupac was shot and murdered, the world mourned and not only in hiphop circles. But with his death Tupac transcended rap and became an icon

THUG LIFE

LAW ENFORCEMENT TRACKED DOWN MANY POSSIBLE SUSPECTS IN TUPAC'S AND BIGGIE SMALLS' MURDERS: HERE ARE THE TOP FOUR

ORLANDO 'BABY LANE' ANDERSON

Baby Lane was a Southside Compton Crip who was friends with Easy-E from hip-hop group NWA. He was identified as a suspect early on in the investigation but was never arrested for Tupac's murder. Keffe D was his uncle and a Southside Compton Crip shot-caller (gang boss). Video tape evidence from the MGM Grand's security cameras shows Tupac and his entourage, including Suge Knight, jumping on Baby Lane right after the Mike Tyson vs Bruce Seldon fight and stomping him. Shortly after, Tupac was gunned down on the Vegas strip. Baby Lane was in Las Vegas and had reason to retaliate against Tupac.

DUANE KEITH 'KEFFE D' DAVIS

By his own admission, Southside Crip Keffe D was solicited by Puff Daddy and offered \$1 million dollars to kill Tupac. When he saw the opportunity in Las Vegas, he took it. Purely motivated by money, Keffe D and his gang provided security and other services for the Bad Boy entourage whenever they journeyed out west. As the Bad Boy/Death Row beef escalated, Keffe D claims Puff Daddy ordered the hit on Tupac.

DAVID MACK

Mack was an LAPD detective who worked with Suge Knight as a security guard and 'covert agent' of Death Row Records. He supposedly had a shrine to Tupac in his garage and was very distraught and outraged when Tupac was murdered. He was a corrupt cop involved in the Rampart scandal – one of the most widespread cases of police corruption in the USA – and served time in prison for robbing a bank in 1997. LAPD Detective Russell Poole asserted that David Mack allegedly carried out the hit on Biggie Smalls on the orders of Suge Knight after the Southside Compton Crips gunned down Tupac, with Knight in the car, six months previously. The murder of the Notorious BIG was nothing more than a retaliatory killing. His black Chevrolet Impala SS fit the description of the shooter's car.

AMIR MUHAMMAD

Muhammad was a college friend of David Mack. They both played sports at the University of Oregon in the late 1970s. Muhammad bore a striking resemblance to the composite of the murder suspect. Although he was a mortgage banker from San Diego, Detective Poole considered him the shooter. When Mack got locked up for the bank robbery, Muhammad was the first person to visit him. There were reports that the shooter in the Biggie Smalls case was a contract killer who worked for the Nation of Islam and Muhammad fit the description.

when such speech falls on the perked ears of individuals who take things literally, bad things happen.

Tupac's murder has become one of those sensational, albeit tragic, great American true crime mysteries. The problem isn't even that the world doesn't know who pulled the trigger. Basically, most of those involved seem to be pretty sure who did it. The unanswered question is why, exactly?

"Tupac believed in people and that was his major stumbling block," King Tut said. "He was an idealist dealing with envious opportunists. The reason his murder has never been solved is because they refuse to shed light on a man they deem despicable and unworthy of their resources. Historically, he is the fruit of a tree they desire to burn down to the roots. If they leave his death a mystery, they believe that he will fade away like leaves blowing in violent winds."

Despite all the research and investigations, it seems there are no easy answers. Anyone that had the answers or knew the truth was probably killed in the frenzied cover up. It's amazing how many people associated with these two icons and their deaths have been killed. Orlando 'Baby Lane' Anderson, the man who had the confrontation with Tupac in the MGM Grand, was gunned down, as were many other people who might have known the truth. The consequences reverberated outward but the two possible main players and opposing forces, Suge Knight and Puff Daddy, remain.

"I believe as many as four people laid eyes on Tupac's killer that night, and recognised who he and the others in his vehicle were." Dorsey told **Real Crime**. "Some of that is based on common sense, and some of it is based on what's in the case files and what some witnesses have told me privately since *Murder Rap* was released. But because of the 'street code' against snitching, none of the best witnesses would co-operate with police. I believe this crime could have been solved the night that it happened had there been more co-operative witnesses. This murder was committed by gang members – look at how many gang-related murders go unsolved every year, and it's for the same reasons."

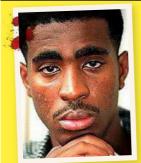




WHO DO YOU THINK DID IT?

WHO ARE THE PRIME **SUSPECTS?**

THE CASE REMAINS UNSOLVED. BUT THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO A FEW POTENTIAL SUSPECTS



ORLANDO ANDERSON

Tupac and some of his associates beat up Southside Crips member Orlando "Baby Lane" Anderson just hours before he died. The fight was recorded by hotel surveillance and broken up by hotel security. It is suspected that Tupac's murder was committed by the gangster in revenge for the attack. Anderson was killed two years later.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G

Rapper Christopher Wallace, known as 'The Notorious B.I.G' and Tupac's rival was suspected of killing him but furiously denied he was involved and produced a solid alibi. An article in the Los Angeles Times by Chuck Philips also implicated B.I.G in 2002.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?



JAMES ROSEMOND

Mentioned by name in one of Tupac's songs and also known as "Jimmy Henchman", the hip-hop mogul was deemed suspicious when full lifer Dexter Isaac claimed in 2012 to have been hired by Rosemond to kill Tupac. Rosemund also reportedly admitted to some involvement in the 1994 assault on Tupac in New York.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

ANYONE THAT HAD THE ANSWERS OR KNEW THE TRUTH WAS PROBABLY KILLED IN THE FRENZIED COVER UP **

Following the Murder Rap theory, which is convincing, Puff Daddy allegedly offered the Compton Southside Crips \$1 million to kill Tupac and Suge Knight. Following the death of Death Row's main attraction and his attempted murder, Suge Knight allegedly paid a Mob Piru Blood hit man \$25,000 to kill Biggie Smalls in retaliation. But the only people who might know the truth, Suge Knight and Puff Daddy, aren't talking. Anybody else who might know is seemingly dead.

Tut said. "Out of the many theories about his death... I will lean towards this one: dirty cops and savvy criminals being in cahoots to eliminate a freedom fighter and national treasure. Tupac was a thorn in the paw of a corruption. He delivered his truth straight from his core and identified with those who often felt alone and wanted to give up. He loved humanity and was an intellectual soldier in the trenches of vocal warfare. His emotions often made him hit a speed bump or crash, but his intentions were always noble."

BELOW Co-founder of Death Row Records Suge Knight (left) was in the car when Tupac was fatally shot. He suffered only minor wounds from shrapnel

TUPAC'S LEGACY

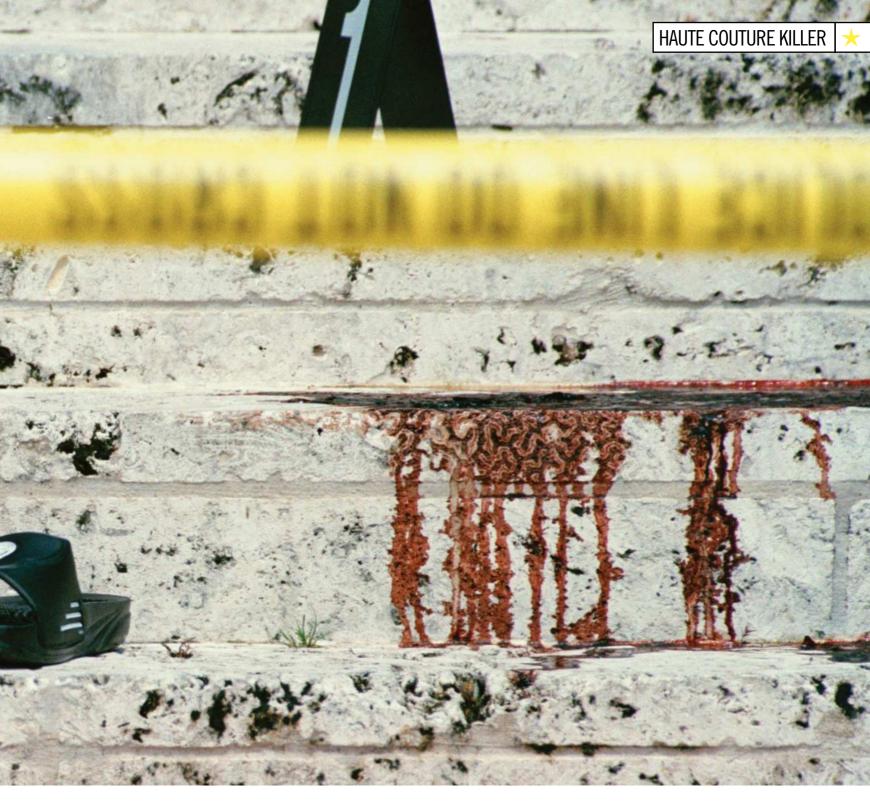
"I don't believe the conspiracy theories," Ryan Smith, Don Diva's online editor, told Real Crime. "I was only in sixth or seventh grade when Pac was killed and people were saying stuff like, 'Makaveli (Tupac's stage name) spelled backwards is 'I'm alive'." I knew then that all of that stuff was bullshit. I really feel like Pac got swept up in the violence and death synonymous with the gang culture he entered into. He wasn't a gangster. He was an art school kid. His militancy came from Ms Afeni Shakur, RIP. Her past as a prominent Black Panther influenced his irreverence, rhetoric and gun-toting.

"But I believe he was constantly trying to prove to himself that he was one of the goons. Though he and Biggie seemed like 30-year-old men to 12-year-old me, Pac was only, like, 25, when he died. Still plenty of time left for horrible life choices. He got shot the first time fucking with goons in New York. Then, when he got out of jail, he started fucking with Suge, a known goon, deeply entrenched in LA gang life. I believe that adrenaline was high that night: Pac, Suge and their squad molly whomped on Orlando 'Baby Lane' Anderson after the fight. Then Baby Lane and his people tracked Pac down and shot him. They were gangsters. That's what gangsters do. They got swept up in the cycle, too. Tupac wasn't the only one they did dirty before their numbers were called." Only one of the four guys in that white Cadillac is alive today.

"Tupac will always live through the many people who understood the difference that he was trying to make," King







ianni Versace walked the short distance from his Casa Casuarina mansion in Ocean Drive, Florida, to the News Cafe where he would often stop for a morning beverage. At the cafe's newsstand, he purchased five magazines: Vogue, Business Week, The New Yorker, Entertainment Weekly and People. Purchases in hand, he walked back to his home, a three-storey Mediterranean-style building that had been remodelled extensively. Versace adored his home in the Miami Beach neighbourhood; he said it was where he felt safest. But as the middle-aged icon ascended the stone steps outside the large steel gates, 27-year-old Andrew Cunanan walked up behind him, raised a 40-calibre gun to his head and squeezed the trigger twice. He lodged one

bullet into the back of Versace's skull and the other blew through his left cheek. Those who witnessed Versace's body crash to the ground spoke of how the blood was "coming out of him like crazy." Cunanan dashed from the scene. Versace was the fifth victim targeted by a man whose life, which he had fashioned for himself from lies and infamy, was crumbling around him.

IL DIVO

Cunanan was born into a humble Christian family in southwest California. His father served in the navy and his mother was a telephone operator. Although the youngest of four children, he was a smart infant with an IQ of 147. He was also charming, charismatic and gifted with a clean-cut and attractive look. His parents worked hard to provide a better life for their children, climbing the economic ladder one rung at a time – moving from the working-class area of National City to Rancho Bernardo, and then to Bonita. But as Cunanan matured he became a prolific liar who fabricated stories about his family and personal life, always wanting to convince the other children that he had more or was something other than what he really was.

At Bishop's School in La Jolla, a private institution that cost his family \$9,000 a year in tuition, Cunanan's personality began to reflect the proud gay man that he saw himself to be. Vying for attention and notoriety, Cunanan played the

part well, dressing in a red patent-leather jumpsuit for a school dance that had been provided by his older, male date. For the picture in his school yearbook, he posed in an unbuttoned white shirt to display his chiselled physique. However, while others listed their accomplishments next to their photographs, Cunanan's yearbook page was fairly blank. Next to his picture was the quote, "Apres moi, le deluge" (After me, the storm) as believed to have been said by King Louis XV. His classmates dubbed him 'Most likely to be remembered'.

But at home, life was not as Cunanan fantasised. His father, who had left the navy to become a stockbroker, went back to his native Philippines to avoid being arrested for embezzlement, leaving his family to fend for themselves. Abandoned by his father, Cunanan grew bitter, angry and resentful. During an argument with his mother about his sexuality, Cunanan threw her against a wall, bruising her and dislocating her shoulder. He dropped out of University in San Diego where he was studying American History and flew out to see his father, but returned "disgusted" that the man who had always encouraged him to strive for bigger and better things was living in "squalid conditions". Back home in the US, he settled in San Francisco, visiting high-class gay bars and selling sex to older, wealthy closet homosexuals.

Cunanan's life became all about glitz and glamour, and he assumed a variety of personas: Andrew Desilva, as most of his friends knew

"CUNANAN HAD WRAPPED MIGLIN'S HEAD IN MASKING TAPE, LEAVING ONLY A SMALL SLIT AT THE NOSE TO ALLOW HIM TO BREATHE"

him, was a Hollywood hotshot with a Riviera mansion; Lieutenant Commander Cummings, a naval officer and graduate of Choate and Yale, dined in fancy restaurants, dressed to the nines, puffed on contraband cigars and sipped the finest champagne. But appearances can often be deceiving. Unemployed and completely dependent on the finances of his wealthy 'lovers', Cunanan's lifestyle, like much of his life, was a smokescreen for his shortcomings.

To Cunanan, there had only ever been one true love in his life: David Madson. However, although dazzled by his lover's glitzy life at first, Madson began to distance himself from Cunanan after he grew suspicious of his reluctance to give him a phone number or an address at which to contact him. In reality, Cunanan was at that time a kept man by his latest 'benefactor', living in a \$900,000 house with a \$2,500-a-week allowance. But when his sugar daddy grew tired of his company and dumped him, his friends began to suspect that Cunanan was selling and taking drugs. He also began to explore sexually through sadomasochism; he wanted to be in control in all aspects of his life. But with little money, Cunanan piled on the

weight and became less attractive, and began moping about not being able to get a date. He was ready to leave his withered life behind and travel to be with his closest friends, his one true love Madson and Jeffrey Trail, who lived in Minnesota.

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

Cunanan arrived in Minneapolis in late April 1997. As a welcome party, he and Madson went out to dinner with Madson's friends, and while some fawned over the charming Cunanan, others were less impressed, considering him a pompous, namedropping egomaniac. Two days later, Cunanan invited Trail to Madson's apartment. The extent to which Trail was involved with Cunanan varies depending on who tells the story: some claim that Trail, a former San Diego navy officer, was sexually involved with Cunanan and had flown into a jealous rage upon learning he had been unfaithful with Madson; others suggest Trail was more of a big brother to Cunanan, and had expressed his avid disapproval at him for taking so many drugs.

One neighbour in the building told police they heard the two arguing in the apartment before



someone shouted, "Get the fuck out..." followed by a door slamming and several deep thuds lasting for approximately 30 seconds, then silence. However the story played out, the end result was Trail being bludgeoned to death by more than two dozen blows to the face and head with a hammer.

Later, Madson's work colleagues stopped by the apartment, concerned that he had not shown up for work for two days. Both thought they heard whispering behind the apartment's front door as well as Madson's dog whining. Worried about their friend, they left a message with the apartment block's superintendent Jennifer Wiberg, asking her to access Madson's apartment with her passkey. When she checked inside, she found a macabre scene.

There was blood splattered all over the back of the door next to a dent in the wall, brain matter lodged in the door frame, two sets of bloody footprints and a body rolled up in an oriental rug. It was Trail. His wallet was still tucked inside his back pocket and his pager clipped to his belt. His watch was frozen at 9.55pm, the time police believed he blocked a strike from the hammer wielded by his attacker, which was thought to have come from a red toolbox in the apartment.

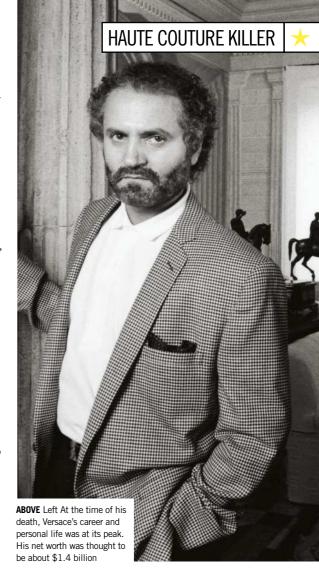
Although the attack was horrific, at the time it was not thought to be pre-meditated. There was no urine or faeces in the apartment, indicating Madson's dog had been regularly taken out over the last few days. Police thought the killer may have been waiting for an opportunity to dispose of

the body – had such a time failed to arise and they simply slipped away?

Two days after police discovered Trail's body, Cunanan drove with Madson to a lake approximately 80 kilometres north of Minneapolis. There, using Trail's handgun, he pumped several bullets into the head of the man he once described as "the love of his life." Cunanan fled the scene in Madson's red Jeep, heading towards Chicago. When he got there, he managed to gain access to the home of Lee Miglin, a 72-year-old real-estate tycoon. Cunanan was in need of a new getaway vehicle, fresh clothes and money, and it seems that Miglin got in his way. He was subjected to sadistic torture by Cunanan, eventually dying. Cunanan had wrapped Miglin's head in masking tape, leaving only a small slit at the nose to allow him to breathe, similar to an S&M mask. He then repeatedly stabbed him in the chest with gardening sheers and slit his throat with a gardening saw blade.

Cunanan then went east to New Jersey in Miglin's green 1994 Lexus and with \$2,000 in cash. Police attempted to track down the vehicle, but Cunanan had spent his life remaining one step ahead of everyone else. One friend described how, while some people would put pennies in their penny loafers, "Andrew would put in dimes."

William Reese was next to suffer the same fate as Madson at the hands of Cunanan, who made off in his victim's red 1996 Chevy pickup truck, desperate to throw the police off his scent.









ABOVE Despite being rushed to the Ryder Trauma Center, Versace was pronounced dead at 9.15am. He was just 50 years old

After slaying his fourth victim, Cunanan earned himself a place on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list. He stopped off briefly in New York to change the car's licence plate, before heading to Miami Beach, where he checked into a rundown hotel. Here, he evaded capture for two months, emerging at night to scout potential love interests in gay bars. During the day he would hide himself away in the room, feasting on takeaway pizza and subs, poring over the pages of fashion magazines and indulging in S&M pornography.

OUT WITH A BANG

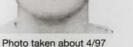
Why Cunanan targeted Versace will never be known. Some have suggested that it was because he grew jealous of the Miami Beach VIP who lived the kind of life Cunanan could only dream of. It was rumoured that Cunanan and Versace had in fact met on one occasion when Versace mistook the gigolo for someone else. Cunanan, who loved to be in the spotlight, allegedly did not correct Versace but played along for the brief duration of the conversation. But on 15 July 1997, as Versace put the key into the gates of his mansion, Cunanan executed his final victim. Versace's long-time partner Antonio D'Marco raced out of the mansion, having heard the gunshots, to find the bloody body of his partner at the base of the steps. He and a few others attempted to chase Cunanan down, but he brandished his gun at them, warning them to stay away before making off once again. After being taken to Jackson Memorial Hospital, Versace was declared dead.

With yet another innocent victim killed by the spree killer, the manhunt for Cunanan intensified. Hours after Versace's death, police discovered a pawnshop ticket in their department clerk's desk with Cunanan's name and address on it and rushed to the hotel in the hope of capturing him. While on the run, Cunanan had pawned a gold coin belonging to Miglin. He had used his real name, his location in the downtown hotel and given a thumbprint, as was required with all pawnshops in the US. The pawnshop had submitted the ticket as protocol to the Miami police a week before Versace was shot, but it had been lost beneath a pile of paperwork and

WANTED BY THE FBI

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION -MURDER SECOND DEGREE







Date of Photo Unknown

ANDREW PHILLIP CUNANAN

Alias: Andrew Phillip DeSilva

DESCRIPTION

Date of Birth: August 31, 1969; Place of Birth: San Diego, California: Race: White; Sex: Male; Height: 5' 9"- 5' 10"; Weight: 160 - 180 pounds; Eyes: Brown; Hair: Dark Brown.

Remarks: Cunanan may wear prescription eyeglasses. He has been known to change his hairstyle and weight. He allegedly has ties to the gay community. He has portrayed himself as being wealthy.

CAUTION

CUNANAN IS BEING SOUGHT FOR AN APRIL, 1997 MURDER, WHICH OCCURRED IN CHISAGO COUNTY, MINNESOTA. ALSO, HE IS WANTED FOR QUESTIONING IN CONNECTION WITH ADDITIONAL MURDERS, WHICH OCCURRED IN CHISAGO COUNTY, MINNESOTA; CHICAGO, ILLINOIS; AND PENNSVILLE, NEW JERSEY. CUNANAN MAY BE IN POSSESSION OF A HANDGUN.

ARMED AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS

ABOVE Cunanan would often change his appearance and hairstyle, donning wigs and glasses. While on the run from the police, he literally hid in plain sight

remained undiscovered. The opportunity to capture Cunanan had merely been missed, and it was not the first time. After Cunanan had featured on the television programme America's Most Wanted four days before Versace's murder, an employee at a sandwich shop came face to face with the man police were fiercely searching for in connection with four murders. He excused himself and called the police, but before they arrived, Cunanan slipped away.

The red pickup truck was discovered along with Cunanan's belongings inside at the hotel: a passport, a personal cheque and a copy of his pawnshop ticket, but Cunanan was gone. Eight days after Versace's slaying, a caretaker checked in on a boathouse in Miami, as he did every couple of days to ensure the place was in order

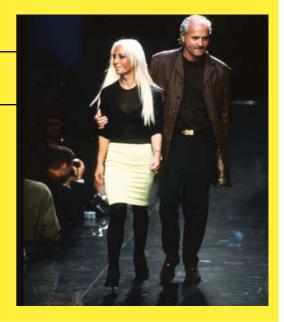
while the owners were away on business. Before he had even walked through the door, he knew that something was wrong - the front door was slightly ajar. Investigating inside, he discovered Cunanan hiding out and retreated outside in terror to call the police. Almost every police officer in the city, along with journalists and news crews, gathered outside, waiting to see if it was another victim or Cunanan himself. In an intense standoff, police deployed teargas through the houseboat before charging inside. In the top floor bedroom lay Cunanan, face up in his boxer shorts with a pistol on his stomach. He had shot himself in the mouth. As his body was wheeled out, the news camera helicopter circling above captured the end of Cunanan's reign of terror, in which no one, apparently, was safe.

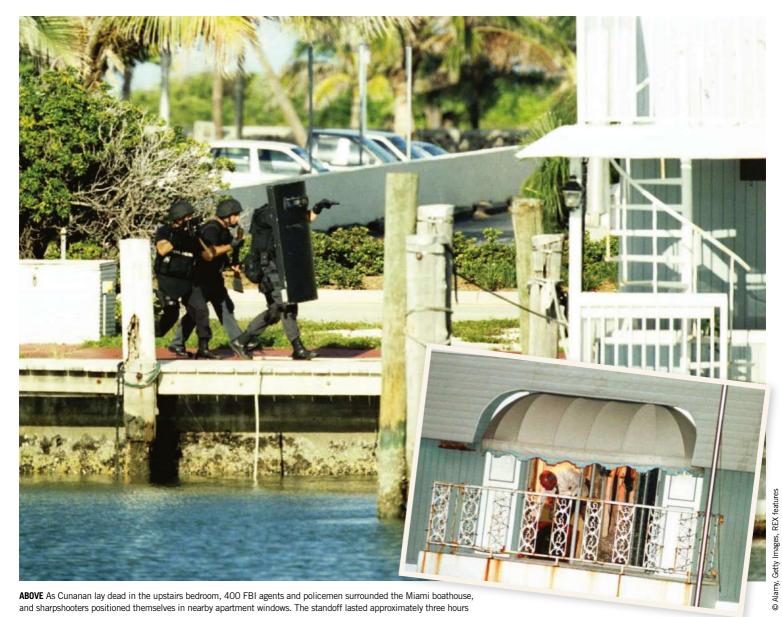
GODFATHER VS GODFATHER

SUPERGRASSES CLAIMED THAT CUNANAN WAS NOT VERSACE'S REAL KILLER — THE MAFIA WAS

In 2010, Giuseppe Di Bella, a former member of the Calabrian Mafia (otherwise known as the N'drangheta) claimed that Versace was killed because he was in debt to the Mafia, and that Cunanan had been a scapegoat. Di Bella claimed that Versace was being used by Paolo De Stefano, the godfather, to launder money. He alleged that the fashion designer had borrowed money from the N'drangheta and was killed to settle his debt to them. Filippo Barecca, another high-ranking mobster, backed Di Bella's story and independently claimed that Cunanan was framed for the murder. Both also said that a dead turtle

dove found beside Versace's body was a calling card from his enemies. Anti-Mafia investigators had heavily relied on information supplied by the two former gang members in the past, after they agreed to testify against the N'drangheta as part of a plea bargain in 2001. However, the Versace family were outraged by the claims made against their late family member 13 years after his death, and released a statement saying: "The declarations from the informer are false and shameful. We reserve the right to protect the memory and reputation of Gianni Versace in civil and criminal courts."









MARVIN GAYE'S SHOCKING DEATH AT THE HANDS OF HIS FATHER WAS THE TRAGIC CULMINATION OF DECADES OF BAD BLOOD BETWEEN TWO PROUD BUT STUBBORN MEN

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO

arvin Gaye rose from humble origins to become one of the great voices of 20th-century pop music. A rich vocal style capable of a four-octave range, Gaye's singing, whether falsetto, baritone or tenor, enamoured listeners worldwide. He became part of a new wave of music known as Motown, which partly defined the sound of the 1960s and became iconic. As one of Motown's most popular recording artists, Gaye was renowned for the sexual and political themes in his work. Ain't No Mountain High Enough, Heard it Through the Grapevine, Mercy Mercy Me and Sexual Healing earn rotation on radio stations to this very day.

His persona was that of a great lover, a sophisticated ladies man, but this was something manufactured by the execs at Motown, which was more than a label; it was a family concern run with factory-like precision, and Gaye had literally married into the family. His first wife was Anna Gordy, older sister to Motown founder Berry Gordy. As the 1960s wore on Marvin became tired of the tunes being foisted on him by the suits at Motown, so he began to exert his new-found privilege by becoming a label rebel, refusing to record albums or sing the songs the record company demanded.

Gaye decided his music had to reflect the times he was living in. 1971's *What's Going On* saw Gaye reject the romantic lothario image in favour of an apocalyptic prophet makeover. He was a preacher warning us all that love was the answer and we were all on the path to hate. In this regard he was very much influenced not just by his ultra-devout upbringing but also the former career of his father, an ex-preacher. The album, a masterpiece consisting of nine songs, reflected upon poverty, the war in Vietnam, the civil rights movement and drug addiction.

Away from the surface glamour of celebrity and the bright lights of the concert stage, Gaye's life was a mess. Drugs, infidelity, wild mood swings, sex scandals (his first son was conceived with an underage girl), egocentric fixations spurred by commercial success, self-aggrandisement and suicidal feelings all played a disastrous part at various junctures. He projected an image of self-assuredness, but Marvin Gaye was a very troubled man. One major cause of his woes was to be found in the form of his father.

The story of Marvin Gaye is inextricably bound to the story of his father, Marvin Gay Snr, a former firebrand preacher who appeared to resent the presence of his boy almost from birth. He'd never wanted him and matters only got worse as the years went by. Despite seeing Marvin Jr free himself from the relative poverty of his Washington, D.C., upbringing in the projects to become a world-famous star, Marvin Snr had nothing nice to say, no encouraging words, no sense of pride, no excitement that his son was topping the charts, playing to sell-out audiences, travelling the world, making something of his life. But he sure enjoyed the trappings of Marvin's riches. Even though their relationship was



fractious, based on an almost mutual distrust – sometimes loathing – Jr followed the Bible's teachings to "Honour thy mother and thy father". He found the former easy, as he worshipped the ground his mother Alberta walked on.

THE FATHER'S DISAPPOINTMENTS

"Let's say I didn't dislike him," Marvin Snr told *The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* during an interview a week after he'd gunned his son down. The question put to him had been, "Do you love your son?" Astonishingly ambivalent, the killer recounted what happened on 1 April 1984, finding time to complain about the conditions in his cell and that none of the family had visited him.

The interview revealed what many in the closeknit, closed-off family circle always knew: Marvin Snr was a hugely self-centred man who spent his life doing very little but sponging off his famous son and resenting the fact his lad was the provider, the breadwinner, the one who changed their lives for the better. Unlike Marvin Jr, who found wealth and fame through hard work and genuine talent, his old man's story is one of chronic disappointment, self-righteousness and religious hypocrisy. In Marvin Gaye's case, when life gave him lemons, he made lemonade. Marvin Snr was left with nothing but a sour-looking face.

Marvin Prentz Gay was born in Kentucky in 1914. He became associated with a very strict Christian sect known as the House of God and started off on the path to becoming a preacher. In the 1930s he met Alberta Cooper. They married and settled down in Washington, D.C., at a time before the projects were swamped with drugs and crime. It was a poor upbringing for Marvin Jr, but it wasn't bedevilled with accompanying social horrors. Marvin Snr provided all the horror for the family could ever need. Alberta understood her husband had never wanted Marvin Jr and believed their lifelong animosity developed from the moment he came into the world.

Marvin Snr by this time had been thwarted in his pursuit of becoming the lifelong leader at the House of God, his blatant political manoeuvring for the top job ostracising him from the congregation. He regularly beat his children, banned television and trips to the movies and



.....

appeared to enjoy punishing others for infractions while clearly being far from virtuous himself. He was the classic religious hypocrite, living by the phrase 'Do as I say not as I do'.

Marvin Snr indulged in cross-dressing and wearing makeup. He often liked to stay in his room, wearing women's clothing and experimenting with fashions, which caused a great deal of embarrassment to the family. Neighbours thought he was a strange bird, and extended family considered him an eccentric with a bad temper and lecherous intentions towards young girls. Yet, somewhat ironically, it was Marvin Jr accompanying his father to church gatherings as a little boy that led to a love of singing, and as he reached his teens he and others recognised the talent he possessed. When Marvin Jr set off on what would be a stellar career (which of course his father had actively discouraged, believing anything that wasn't gospel music was the devil) added an 'e' to his last name, aware that 'gay' had changed in meaning, entering the popular lexicon as code for 'homosexual'.

While Marvin Jr wasn't gay or bisexual, his role model for a father figure was found lacking. **RIGHT** The murder of Marvin Gaye made front page news around the world. That the father was responsible for the son's death shocked fans the public alike

MARVIN GAYE AND DRUGS

GAYE ABUSED DRUGS INCLUDING PCP AND COCAINE. AND IT LED TO CRAZED MOODS AND PARANOID BEHAVIOUR

Gaye experimented with drugs early on his career, despite a love of sports and healthy living. There were periods of sobriety here and there, but his cocaine consumption began prodigious and led to paranoid fantasies and hallucinations involving demons taunting him. By the early 1980s, Marvin was freebasing coke because the membranes of his nose were severely damaged by years and years of snorting lines.

Drugs also affected Marvin's decision-making. After a few lines of coke, he'd become charm personified. Convivial, generous, looking for a good time, he would shop like there was no tomorrow, though financial insecurity stalked him even at the zenith of his popularity. He'd award generous bonuses and raises to his touring crew, then withdraw these promises, after coming down off and realising his error. Marvin Gaye consumed illegal drugs to mask and numb his inner emotional turmoil, but his lack of self-control was truly destructive.

PLAY MILLIONAIRE'S ROULETTE \$6,000,000 available to be won! — See pages 10 & 11

SINGER MARVIN **GAYE SHOT DEAD**







MARVIN SNR WALKED IN WITH THE .38 AND SHOT HIS SON IN THE UPPER CHEST. HE STEPPED FORWARD AND FIRED ONCE MORE 500

He looked at his father and saw a bitter and harsh man on the one hand, and on the other an effeminate person who wore makeup and women's clothes. Feeling unloved by Marvin Snr and resentful of the beatings and his father's cross-dressing, Marvin Jnr started to rebel. Yet, despite their differences, the two men were both very alike in personality.

Marvin Jr – aided by copious amounts of drugs – began to think he could transcend pop star status and use his position to change the world. Like his father, he was hypocritical when it came to his own behaviour, using religious beliefs to exempt himself from the laws of ordinary man. He often told people the only one he had to answer to was God.

Both father and son were also misogynistic and loner figures who shied away from social interactions, and both were prone to bouts of laziness. Despite all the misgivings and angst, Marvin Jr spent his life seeking his father's acceptance and unconditional love. He never received it.

DAY OF THE KILLING

In 1983, Gaye's personal life was enduring a torrid time while his career enjoyed a spell of incredible success. He'd experienced a major comeback off the back the album *Midnight Love*, which included one of his greatest his: *Sexual Healing*. Yet Marvin Jr's chaotic life was heading towards its closing – and defining – chapter. For family and close friends, Marvin Jnr's situation was bleak and getting bleaker every day, for he was hopelessly lost in a blizzard of drugs and acute paranoia.

After touring throughout 1983 (Gaye had never much liked the hard graft of travelling the country playing to the crowds) he was worn out and retreated to his home in the Jefferson district of central Los Angeles. He was sharing the swish house with his folks and siblings. It is somewhat sadly ironic that Marvin Jr gave his father the gun which would later kill him.

On Christmas Day 1983, he'd handed over a Smith & Wesson .38 special as a gift and for protection against intruders. While under the same roof, father and son attempted to keep their distance from one another. They hadn't lived together since 1957, and rows blazed regularly about all matter of things. On 1 April, 1984, yet another argument broke out, this time over a missing insurance policy letter. Marvin Snr was barracking Alberta, which upset Marvin and caused him to lunge at his father.

In the weeks prior to his death there had been slanging matches between the pair, which were getting nastier. Marvin's obsessions with home security and assassination attempts on his life did not help to ease the tension inside 2101 South Gramercy Place.

The deadly episode began at 12.20pm when Marvin Snr walked into his son's bedroom to discuss the missing insurance policy. Marvin Jr was lying at his mother's side on the bed, wearing his maroon bathrobe. The husband shouted at the wife, which triggered a rage in their son. Marvin Snr was physically attacked by Gaye, receiving punches and kicks (police found heavy bruising on his back and forearms, evidence some physical skirmish had taken place).

"Motherfucker! Do you want some more?" Gaye yelled at his father, before hitting him with a follow-up barrage. He then returned to his bedroom, sitting down on the edge of the bed. Moments later, Marvin Snr walked in with the .38 and shot his son in the upper chest on the right

side just above the nipple. The bullet hit his heart, left kidney, lung and stomach. Marvin Snr stepped forward from the doorway of the bedroom into the room and fired once more. This time the bullet went through Gaye's left shoulder. He was taken to the California Hospital, where attempts were made to revive the stricken pop idol, but he was pronounced dead at 13.01pm.

When the cops arrived Marvin Snr was sat on the doorstep. He'd tossed the .38 on the lawn. He was arrested initially for unlawful shooting until word came through that Marvin Gaye hadn't survived and the case became a homicide. News spread like wildfire from the neighbourhood to the media. Motown legend Marvin Gaye had been murdered and not by some unseen assailant or a deranged fan who felt they had to have Marvin or nobody could. No, the assassin was his father - decades of bad blood had finally erupted to horrific effect.

THE COURT'S DECISION

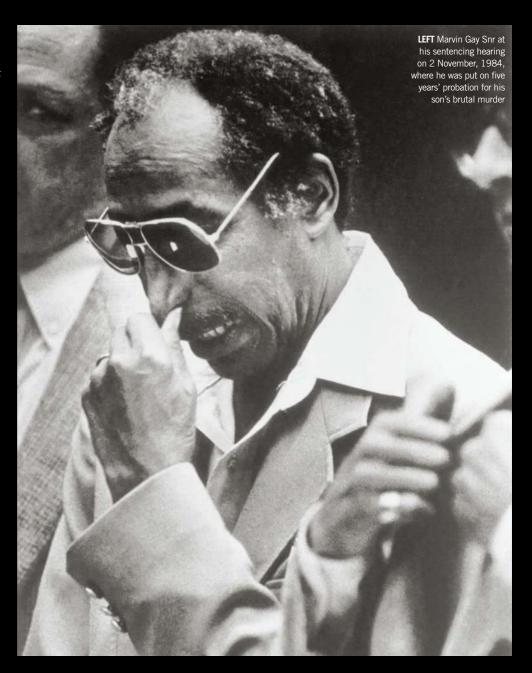
Marvin Snr claimed self-defence at trial. Although declared fit to stand before judgement, a doctor examining him discovered a tumour on his pituitary gland, which the defence team, along with his physical injuries sustained during the assault, would play as involuntary manslaughter, not first-degree murder. An autopsy report noted PCP and cocaine in Marvin Gaye's blood, suggesting he was high at the time of the attack on his father and that his thought processes were clouded by the effects of the cocktail of drugs.

On 2 November, 1984, after pleading no contest against the charges, Marvin Snr was sentenced by Judge Gordon Ringer at the Los Angeles Supreme Court. He was facing 13 years inside. Even though he was provoked by his son, he didn't have to grab a gun and kill him, prosecutors argued. Circumstances proved favourable to Mr Gay factors such as the specifics of what occurred, his age, his declining health and lack of priors.

Judge Gordon Ringer concluded Marvin Jnr had started the tragedy and his father was defending himself. "Under the circumstances, it seems to be agreed by everybody, including the very able and experienced investigating officers in this case, that the young man who died tragically provoked this incident, and it was all his fault," the judge summed up. Marvin Pentz Gay was sentenced to a six-year suspended sentence and five years' probation.

A number of theories have circulated in the years since the murder. Some suggest that the fact that Marvin Jnr was the breadwinner rankled with Marvin Snr, and when his son finally attacked him physically it was a humiliation too far. He put on an uncaring front to the press after the killing, but at court he appeared genuinely sorry.

"If I could bring him back, I would. I was afraid of him. I thought I was going to get hurt. I didn't know what was going to happen," he told the court. There was no mention of love for his deceased son in Marvin Snr's summary.



MANSLAUGHTER OR SUICIDE?

ONE MAJOR THEORY ABOUT THE KILLING SUGGEST THAT MARVIN **GAYE GOADED HIS FATHER INTO LETHAL ACTION**

Marvin Gaye always feared he was going to die young, and throughout his life he was plagued by suicidal thoughts.

Since his death some people have claimed that his fatal fight with Marvin Snr was a form of suicide or a bizarre kind of mercy killing, as he knew his father would react violently. In a 2011 interview with The Daily Express, sister Zeola Gaye told the paper her older brother pushed their father until he finally snapped.

Whatever the truth of Marvin Gaye's violent exit from this world, the singer suffered from lifelong depression, drugs exacerbated his psychological issues and three previous suicide attempts failed did little to help his mental health.

Once when in Hawaii, Gaye set about overdosing on a pound of cocaine, telling friend David Ritz, "I just wanted to be left alone and blow my brains on a high-octane toot."



A GENERATION OF WOMEN STARTED SPEAKING UP, NOW CONFIDENT THAT THEIR STORIES WOULD BE HEARD AND, CRUCIALLY, BELIEVED 22









DESTINED TO FAIL

Sinatra Jr., building his own musical career, had been scheduled to play with the Dorsey Orchestra on that fateful night. The kidnappers, short on cash and needing gas, used what Sinatra Jr. had on him - \$11. They drove eight hours (even slipping through a roadblock) to a stash house in Canoga Park, California, where a third conspirator awaited. Joe Foss, who was left behind in the motel room (and got a good look at the perpetrators), took only a few minutes to free himself from the bindings and alert the band's manager in the next room. Junior's mother Nancy received the terrible news at her home in Los Angeles. Frank Sr. got word of the abduction while in Palm Springs for the filming of Robin and the Seven Hoods. Soon law enforcement in Nevada and California were setting up roadblocks, and the FBI entered the drama thereafter. The immediate assumption of motive was money. The 'ransom' calls that soon followed confirmed the suspicion.

The kidnappers added to an already bizarre series of actions by demanding exactly \$240,000, in lieu of Sinatra



FRANK SR. WARNED, 'NOW THEY'RE ON THEIR OWN. NO DEAL WAS MADE TO PROTECT THEM'

Sr.'s million-dollar offer. As instructed during a series of calls that were conducted from various pay phones, Sinatra Sr. and the FBI prepared the package for a drop on Wilshire Boulevard between two parked buses on 11 December at 12.00am. Three hours later, George C Jones, a private security officer of the posh Bel Air neighbourhood where Junior's mother lived, discovered a visibly shaken young man on the side of the road. Jones knew who he'd just found and whisked the young musician to his mother's house. Frank Sinatra Jr. told the officer, "They were more scared than I was," adding, "One fellow chickened out and ran off."

Reporters and photographers descended upon Nancy Sinatra's Bel Air home, where both she and ex-husband Frank Sr. waited for any updates. The security officer who found Junior, aware of the press frenzy, hid young Sinatra in his trunk to avoid more chaos and snuck the boy inside. Shortly thereafter, Frank Sr. addressed the eager media, answering questions ranging from his son's condition to the fate of the kidnappers. To the latter, Frank Sr. warned, "Now they're on their own. No deal was made to protect them."

The kidnap ordeal lasted a total of 54 hours, and it didn't take long for authorities to figure out the identities of the suspects. The one Junior said 'chickened out' – 42-year-old John William Irwin – was the first to be picked up in Imperial Beach, near the Mexican border at 9.00am on 13 December. Later that night, cops in Los Angeles separately arrested Barry Worthington Keenan and Joseph Clyde Amsler, both 23. Upon arrest, John Irwin had \$47,938 of the

ABOVE Canoga Park hideout. Kidnappers carried out ransom negotiations from a house at 8143 Mason Avenue in suburban Los Angeles

LEFT Frank Sinatra Jr. appears in court in 1964 to face the trio of kidnappers, who all plead not guilty

MEET THE KIDNAPPERS

ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST SENSATIONAL CRIMES WAS CARRIED OUT BY AN UNLIKELY TRIO OF CRIMINALS

THE MASTERMIND

THE ACCOMPLICE

THE ASSISTANT



BARRY KEENAN

The son of a stockbroker, he graduated from the same class as Sinatra Jr.'s sister and had mingled in celebrity circles. An addiction to painkillers. financial woes and delusion (a belief that the crime could possibly reunite the estranged Sinatra family) drove Keenan to actually carry out the unthinkable. Keenan went on to achieve success in real estate.



JOE AMSLER

A former professional boxer, Amsler, aged 23, joined lifelong friend Keenan in the Sinatra abduction after being offered a weekly payout of \$100. Amsler took part in the physical abduction. He served a little over three years of a life sentence and later became a bodyguard and stunt double for actor Ryan O'Neal. Amsler moved to Virginia, where he died in 2006.



THE ASSISTANT

Irwin, the oldest of the kidnap trio, aged 42 at the time, was Keenan's mother's boyfriend and "a really tough guy" according to Keenan. He had the duty of making 'ransom calls' and guarding the victim. For his part, Irwin earned a 16 year sentence, of which he served three and a half years, then drifted into obscurity.

ransom money with him. Police retrieved another \$168,927 from the Culver City apartment of Joseph Amsler. The remaining ransom cash added yet another unusual twist, one that would be revealed during trial.

WHERE'S THE MOB?

At the time of Frank Sinatra Jr.'s ordeal, the FBI had successfully solved all but three of 667 kidnapping cases. Frank Sr. made a point to give the FBI much credit in public statements. On the flip side though, considering the legendary status of Frank Sinatra Sr. in the annals of both entertainment and organised crime history, most people would have likely thought the idea of doing any harm to his family would be inconceivable. Frank Sr. himself, however, always feared the worst. Shortly after Junior was freed, Sinatra told the media, "All my life I've been living with a dark spot in the back of my head that something like this might happen to my family."

Junior's famous father mingled not only with his Rat Pack compadres but also some of the underworld's most infamous and iconic mobsters. This fact hadn't been a secret: the world became privy to the gangland hobnobbing as far back as at least 1947. Prior to that, Sinatra allegedly got his real start in the music business courtesy of gangland alliances. "Willie Moretti supposedly put a gun in Tommy Dorsey's mouth to get him to release Frank Sinatra from his contract," said Scott Deitche, author of Garden State Gangland: The Rise of the Mob in New Jersey. "This event inspired the famous horsehead-in-bed scene in The Godfather. Moretti was considered a friend of Sinatra's and often saw the singer when he performed in NYC and New Jersey."

Frank Sr.'s questionable associations were brought into the larger public peripheral when in February 1947 a young reporter, hot for a juicy morsel to propel his burgeoning career, happened upon an event that provided a full meal ticket. Roaming about Cuba's gambling hub, the Hotel Nacional in Havana, Robert Ruark spotted the unmistakable blue-eyed crooner hanging around gaggles of tough-looking guys. Quickly the journalist's keen sense kicked into high gear, soon recognising that some of these brutes were also familiar faces. To confirm his suspicions, Ruark chatted up another recognisable vacationer, the kind of guy who knows 'everyone' - Connie Immerman, a New York club owner. Ruark recounted the incident in a 1964 column, saying, "Mr. Immerman allowed as how I was right in my supposition that all those people upstairs in the [Hotel] Nacional had names like Lucky and Cherry Nose and such familiar, and I scurried off to Miami and wrote quite a mess of stories."

Ruark's reporting in 1947 not only outed Sinatra Sr.'s mobfriendly demeanour but also alerted government agencies in the United States, who in turn put the squeeze on Cuba to exile Luciano back to Italy; a pressure the island reluctantly gave in to. Luciano was forced back to Europe, the legend



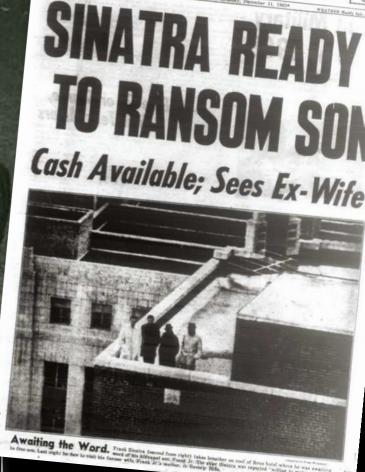
of a 'Havana Mob Conference' had been firmly established, and Frank Sinatra Sr. would be forever known as a man with close Mafia connections. As to the latter of these, one might think twice before assaulting the offspring of a guy with that circle of friends. Iconic actor Burt Reynolds spoke of the kidnappers in his 2015 book *But Enough About Me: A Memoir*. After the Sinatra kidnappers were apprehended and their names splashed across headlines, Reynolds realised he had met a couple of the accused through fellow actor Ryan O'Neal – they played softball together. "Always looking for a scam," he remembered of them. "I thought, of all the people in the world, why would you take Frank Sinatra's kid. You'll have the police, the FBI and the Mafia after you."

Ironically, and despite Frank Sr.'s established underworld connections, the mob never got involved. Author Scott Deitche pointed out that, although Sinatra's mob ties were "real and deep", the situation unfolded in such a way that the crooner basically didn't need to call in any favours.

ABOVE-RIGHT The story was all over the newspapers. Sinatra Sr. offered the kidnappers \$1 million for the safe return of Junior. The perpetrators only wanted \$240,000

ABOVE-LEFT FBI agents carefully accounted for every dollar of the \$240,000 ransom cash that Frank Sinatra Sr. delivered to the drop off location

BELOW Kidnappers left fingerprints and evidence behind, among the items was a roll of first-aid adhesive tape used to bind Sinatra Jr.



"The kidnapping was botched from the beginning," Deitche explained. "The cops were on it right away, and the whole ordeal was over fairly quickly."

TRIAL AND TRIBULATION

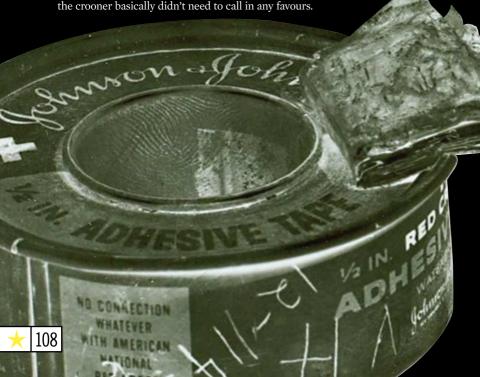
If there is a list of the most infamous 'epic fails' in criminal conspiracies, this one is definitely high ranking. From beginning to end, the plot to kidnap 19-year-old Frank Sinatra Jr. and extort money from his father, 'The Chairman of the Board', was a disaster in the making. During the sensational trial that followed, even one of the defence counsel – John Irwin's attorney Gladys Towles Root – said as much. "Joe Amsler did everything but wear a neon sign on their backs stating, 'Come to the kidnap party Sunday night. We are kidnapping Frank Sinatra Jr.""

Despite being a harrowing ordeal for many involved, the end result fortunately did not turn out tragically.

Still, and quite ironically, the aftermath proved more of a lifelong burden to the victim than the perpetrators.

To be clear, all three kidnapping conspirators had criminal records. However, the plot to take Sinatra Jr. seemed light years beyond any kind of

heist their past indiscretions would have suggested. It was "a vicious act," according to the prosecution, and was "pulled by rank amateurs moved by greed". Keenan's criminal record was burglary and petty theft, Amsler had convictions for trespassing and violating the Alcoholic Beverage Control Act. Irwin carried the longest rap sheet: Assault, battery, desertion, disorderly conduct and nonsupport. Sinatra Jr. stated that he was treated relatively well by the kidnappers,





IF YOU READ THIS LETTER I AM EITHER DEAD OR UNDER ARREST FOR FELONY KIDNAPPING ...

not withstanding a lack of food and the fact they had given

The trio of accused went on trial in February 1964 to face six indictments. The trial lasted four weeks, producing several shocking revelations in the process. First, back to the missing portion of the ransom money, another entertainment figure entered the strange scenario. Dean Torrence, one half of the musical duo Jan and Dean' was called to testify. Torrence admitted he accepted approximately \$25,000 from Keenan but claimed he returned the money. That wasn't even the earth-shattering revelation. Torrence also confessed he had known about Keenan's plot for at least two months prior to the actual kidnap.

The prosecution produced damning evidence that confirmed Keenan's role as the mastermind. First, the statements of John Irwin to the FBI were read out in court. Irwin told investigators that Keenan offered \$30,000 for his help, to which he countered, "If I'm going to get in I want \$50,000." Prosecutors then read from a letter found in a safety deposit box shared by Keenan and Dean Torrence. The letter, handwritten by Keenan and dated 24 October 1963, was long, and as the newspapers called it, "rambling". At one point Keenan wrote of planning the "perfect crime" and, "Kidnapping seemed to offer the least risk for the money."

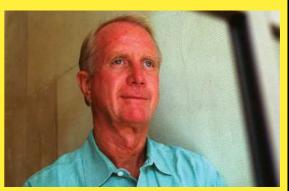
ABOVE-LEFT The trio indicted and tried as a group for the kidnapping of Frank Sinatra Jr. - Barry Keenan, Clyde Amsler and John Irwin - appear handcuffed together in court

ABOVE-RIGHT Barry Keenan, mastermind of the Sinatra Jr. kidnap plot, served four years in iail and went on to become a successful real estate developer

MASTERMIND SPEAKS

SINATRA JR.'S KIDNAPPER TOLD THE STORY OF HOW A PRIVILEGED KID TURNED TO **CARRYING OUT THE CRIME**

After a short prison stint Keenan re-entered society and. notwithstanding some pitfalls, did well for himself. Always planning to tell his side, Keenan gave a few interviews in the decades that followed. Confessing his alcohol and drug-addicted mindset back in 1963, Keenan told People Magazine in 1998, "In my demented state I saw it as a business deal." And as for the concocted defence angle that Junior was a willing participant, Keenan felt deep "regret" for the stigma Junior carried thereafter. "At the time of the kidnapping I was out of my mind on drugs," Keenan told the Daily Mail in 2016, "because believe me the last person you would want to mess with at that time was Frank Sinatra [Sr.] with all his connections." Despite promising proceeds would go to charity, Keenan's attempts to secure a book or movie deal were always blocked by the Sinatras.



The letter's purpose, however, was made obvious with sentiments like, "Naturally if you are reading this, the crime was unperfect [sic]," and, "If you read this letter I am either dead or under arrest for felony kidnapping."

What appeared to be an open and shut case for the prosecution transitioned into a clever defence ploy and subsequent lifetime of ribbing for the victim. The defence tried to show that Frank Sinatra Jr. had been an integral part of the scheme and that it was all a big publicity stunt. The bold move got its start when attorneys for the kidnappers heard the statement Junior made to his father right after being reunited: "Sorry". Using the ambiguity of that little utterance was enough to turn the tables on Sinatra Jr., wherein he appeared to be the one on trial at points. The defence tactic failed to convince the court but did create what would be a lasting and running joke for Sinatra Jr. to endure - a lifetime of punchlines at his expense.

On Saturday 7 March 1964 Barry Keenan and Joseph Amsler were convicted on all six charges, which meant the pair faced a potential sentence of life in prison plus 75 years. Because he did not participate in the physical kidnap, John Irwin was convicted on five counts. "The whole business is over," Sinatra Jr. told reporters. "Let's forget it." The legal drama wasn't over though, not for the convicted at least. The defence attorneys quickly filed for psychological exams of their clients, motions for new trial and appeals. Within five years all three convicted kidnappers would again see freedom - and two of them enjoyed a lifetime of success.



WAS IT A JEALOUS EX, AN UNDERCOVER CRIMINAL GANG OR A MANIAC FAN THAT HATED THE CRIMEWATCH PRESENTER SO MUCH THAT THEY ASSASSINATED

HER ON HER OWN DOORSTEP?

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

he reputation of Jill Dando was outstanding. Born in Weston-super-Mare in 1961, she had risen through the ranks from working at her local daily newspaper The Weston Mercury at the age of 18, where both her father and brother worked, to working in radio and then television. Her talent for presenting and talking to people aided a successful career. She was a familiar face on BBC television, presenting the news and Holiday, a travel review show. She was also the co-star of Crimewatch as the millennium approached. She sat alongside presenter Nick Ross as the pair appealed for information from the public on some of Britain's most heinous crimes. The programme attracted more than 9 million viewers each month. A wellliked national figure, the "golden-girl" was named as BBC's Personality of the Year in 1997. Her former partner of seven years and editor on Breakfast News Bob Wheaton described her as "a princess among ordinary people. A star who shone with effortless ease." Tragically, on 26 April 1999, the 37-year-old crime-busting belle was gunned down on her own doorstep. The nation recoiled in shock and grief.

Conversely, the reputation of the man initially accused of her murder - Barry George - was not nearly as polished or highly regarded. As someone who suffered with Asperger's syndrome as well as a range of personality disorders including narcissism and ADHD, he was regarded as an oddity. The 40-year-old lived less than a kilometre from Dando's home in Fulham, London. On the day of her murder and on the days following, George was spotted in the area by a number of witnesses who described him as "agitated", "threatening" and "intimidating". His seemingly suspicious behaviour alongside a small trace of gunpowder residue found in his coat by police put him in the frame for Dando's murder. Despite insisting he hadn't even known Dando, George would ultimately be convicted as her killer and serve eight years of his life sentence in prison before being acquitted of any involvement in 2008. To this day, the police remain clueless as to the real identity of the murderer and their motive. All that was left behind was a single bullet, its customised casing, and a bullet hole in Dando's door just eight and a half inches off the floor.



HER BODY WAS SLUMPED OVER TO ONE SIDE: BLOOD COVERED HER WHITE COAT AND FACE 💯

CREATING ENEMIES

At the time of her murder, Dando was engaged to Alan Farthing, a well-respected gynaecologist who worked at Saint Mary's Hospital, London. The pair had met on a blind date in 1997 following his separation from his first wife Maria, who he divorced in 1998. Very much in love according to close friends, Dando and Farthing announced their engagement early 1999 and were due to be wed in

September 1999. The relationship gained plenty of media coverage. Colleagues and friends knew that Dando was excited about the upcoming wedding at a church in Putney and the future that lay ahead for her and Farthing. She had expressed her excitement and hope of becoming a mother in the near future.

On the morning of 26 April 1999, the presenter left her fiancé's house in Chiswick sometime between 8am and 9am, and returned to her south-west London home, which she was in the process of selling, to change before her afternoon meetings and a wedding dress fitting. She would never make it to the meetings, nor would she walk down the aisle in a beautiful gown. The blushing bride-to-be was murdered in cold blood, left in a bloodied heap to die outside 29 Gowan Avenue.

The shocking news of her death sent the media into frenzy and tributes flooded through the newsroom as it was reported that the 37-year-old presenter had been assassinated in broad daylight. Witnesses who could clearly identify the killer were sparse. The investigation into Dando's death would throw up some seemingly tangible theories as to who had killed her, including a deranged stalker, a jealous ex-boyfriend, and a professional hit man out for revenge against her anti-crime work. The BBC themselves were even placed under a cloud of suspicion after it emerged that the presenter knew all too well about a violent and corrupt paedophile ring operating behind the scenes, with Jimmy Savile as one of its many ringleaders.

It was implied by the media that her death might have been a revenge attack, as she planned to expose some of the most powerful and influential characters in Britain as child molesters in the mid-1990s. A former colleague of the presenter spoke of how Dando compiled a file of complaints against DJs, stars and corporation staff who were involved in the organised abuse. She gave the file to senior management, according to the retired staff member, who said that she heard nothing more after that. "No one wanted denied such accusations, retorting that it had seen no evidence to support this claim. Police speculated that, despite her warm and kind nature, as someone who

to know," the former friend said. The BBC heavily had helped solve so many crimes in the past, she might have created some enemies along the way. Jill died from a single bullet to the head Police fear Crimewatch revenge hi

GUNNED DOWN ON GOWAN AVENUE

THE POLICE HAD LITTLE FORENSIC EVIDENCE TO GO ON YET A NUMBER OF WITNESSES CLAIMED TO HAVE SEEN HER KILLER

CLUE IP ADDRESS

An unknown person used website 192. com to look up Dando's address in November 1998, five months before her murder. This was the only time someone had retrieved her address through the directory that year.

WITNESS RICHARD HUGHES

Hughes saw a man between 30 and 40 years old who was thickset, of average height, with dark, thick hair that was collarbone length. He also described the man as having a full face with no facial hair and wearing a dark coloured, waxed coat.

CLUE **BULLET AND CASING**

establish the identity of her killer

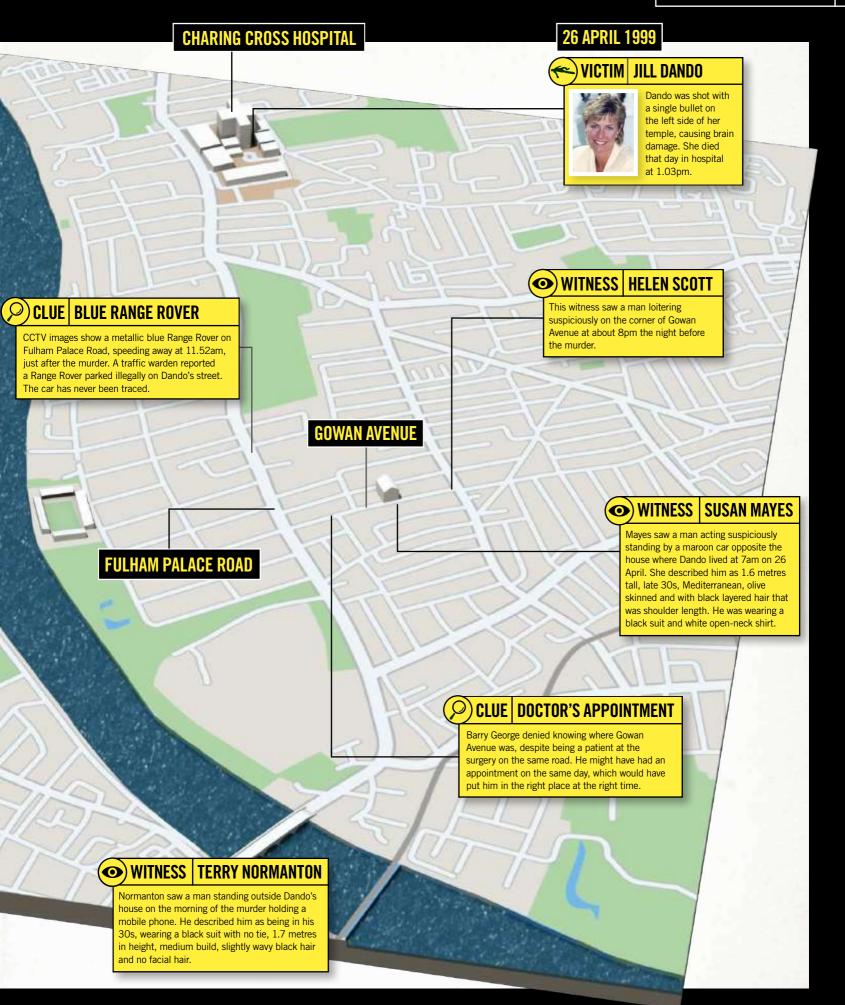
According to police ballistics, the Remington bullet was compatible with a 9mm semiautomatic pistol.

(C) WITNESS BARRY LINDSEY

Lindsey saw a Mediterranean man with olive skin on Gowan Avenue

(Continued by Continued by Cont

Upfill-Brown described seeing a clean-shaven man with dark hair, a "sallow complexion" and thick black collar-LEFT The murder of the nation's length hair. He said he was thickset, approximately 1.7 favourite TV presenter was metres in height and 35-40 years old. front-page news as police tried to





A WATCHFUL EYE

One of the many sad facts of murder is that the victim usually does not see it coming. They go about their day as normal, unaware their life is in its final stages. On the day of her murder, Dando was spotted on various CCTV images throughout the morning, making stops to a BP petrol station, a fishmonger where she purchased two Dover sole fillets, and Kings Mall, the local shopping centre in Hammersmith to purchase a fax machine cartridge and fax paper. The last CCTV sighting of her slender blonde figure was at 11.10am, when she could be seen getting into her blue BMW 320i and driving towards Winslow Road, Fulham. When she had returned to her home in Gowan Avenue at around 11.30am, was there an incognito figure lurking in the background, waiting to strike?

As the unaware victim reached her front door, before she even had the chance to put her keys in the lock, Dando was forced to her knees, her pale face almost touching the cold tiled surface outside her terraced home. In a timely and orderly manner, the assailant placed the weapon, thought to be a personalised pistol, next to her left temple, just above her ear, and fired a single bullet into her brain, killing her almost instantly.

Pathologists determined that the pressure of the hard barrel against the skull formed a seal, muffling the sound of the shot. Hearing a scream from the street, her neighbour Richard Hughes opened his shutters, only to see a figure briskly walking away from Dando's front garden. A spent cartridge lay next to her body, which was slumped over in a pool of blood. Helen Doble, a female neighbour who also worked in television, spotted Dando's car parked in the street as she returned from running errands. She meandered outside hoping to catch up with her neighbour who rarely returned to the road. Instead she found Dando's lifeless body lying just yards away from her. She noticed the blood and that Dando had turned a "funny colour". Conscious not to contaminate the crime scene, she took a step back and dialled 999, telling the operator that she believed her neighbour had been stabbed. "It's Jill Dando." She said. Once she hung up, she fetched another neighbour who ran to the nearby doctors' surgery for help.

BLARING SIRENS

By 11.53am, police had arrived at the scene. PC Colin Jones, who was the first of the force to arrive, immediately felt the victim's wrist for a pulse but found none. He later recalled the sight of Dando as he inspected her: her body was slumped over to one side; blood covered her white coat and face. Ambulance services arrived followed by a helicopter crew. Her body was moved closer to the pavement in order to begin attempts to resuscitate her. For half an hour the ambulance crew worked on her body, attempting CPR. With no response from Dando, she was then placed in the ambulance and taken to Charing Cross Hospital, which was just four minutes away, where medics attempted once again desperately to revive her. Alas, the lengthy efforts were in vain and at 1.03pm, Dando was pronounced dead.





ABOVE Ballistics showed that the gun was pressed to Jill's head before the trigger was pulled



ABOVE Suspect Barry George had an IQ of 75 and therefore was an unlikely assassin. Yet the police believed he was the killer and charged him with murder



ABOVE Hearing a loud noise, Jill Dando's neighbour, Richard Hughes, pulls his curtains back to see a tall, white man in his 40s walking away from Jill's house

LIVING IN A FANTASY

BARRY GEORGE SEEMED TO FIT THE PROFILE OF THE KILLER

Growing up, Barry George was a restless child, hyperactive and difficult. As he developed into a teenager, he began to fabricate lies in order to glamorise his identity. He told a local newspaper that he was a British karate champion and was planning to jump four buses on roller-skates. He claimed his real name was Paul Gadd - the real name of glam rock singer Gary Glitter. George also claimed he was the cousin of Freddie Mercury, whose original surname was Bulsara. In a separate lie, he told his friends he was part of the SAS when in fact he was a temporary member of Territorial Army and gun club. He would also stand in the street, directing traffic and impersonating a police officer. In 1983, George was arrested on the grounds of Princess Diana's residence at Kensington Palace. He wore commando gear and was carrying a 30-centimetre hunting knife and 15 metres of rope. He also had a poem he had written for Prince Charles.

THE MURDER WEAPON

BOTH BALLISTICS EVIDENCE AND AN ANONYMOUS POLICE SOURCE SUGGESTED THAT A PROFESSIONAL WAS BEHIND THE EXECUTION

The gun used to kill Dando, believed to be a personalised pistol, has never been found. A shell case was discovered on the mat on Dando's doorway close to her handbag along with a Remington bullet. The bullet was compatible with a rare 9mm semi-automatic pistol. In July 1999, forensic experts discovered six distinctive markings on the bullet casing. The purpose of the markings were thought to be either to hold the bullet in place or from the casing being taken apart to remove gunpowder and therefore reduce the sound made when it was fired. A source later told police that a crime clan believed Dando was working on a TV programme about them before she was gunned down. The source added that the gun used had been broken into four pieces, which were then thrown into a canal in Islington.





THE INVESTIGATION

THERE WERE MANY THEORIES AS TO WHY DANDO WAS KILLED, BUT NONE OF THEM QUITE ADDED UP

"Jill Dando shot dead: was it an underworld killing?" Those were the words of the ITV Nightly News that broke that evening. People who knew Jill said she had no enemies, however, police confirmed that Dando had in the past complained of a stalker. In the days prior to her death, she received a letter from a 'Serbian source' threatening her life. Chief Inspector Hamish Campbell of the Metropolitan Police led the investigation. Given the name Operation Oxborough, it began with a four-day combthrough of the crime scene. A blue Range Rover had been seen speeding away from Gowan Avenue minutes after the crime, which attracted suspicion. However, Campbell later announced that the prime suspect made his getaway on a number 74 bus before getting off at Putney Bridge.

A reconstruction of Dando's murder featured on the upcoming episode of Crimewatch, which resulted in more than 500 calls from the public who believed to have information regarding her death. In the first six months of the investigation, police interviewed 2,500 people and took more than 1,000 statements. Dando's former boyfriends were given the all clear as suspects, as police were firm in the belief that she was targeted by a stalker. However, they were no closer to finding a suspect. Rewards were offered for further information leading to the capture of Dando's killer. The Sun and The Daily Mail offered £100,000 each, while charity Crimestoppers offered £50,000. In 2000, the case was reviewed.

During this time, 40-year-old Barry George — who had changed his surname to Bulsara and had been previously overlooked by investigators — became a new focus for the police. He was unemployed and lived less than a kilometre from Dando's home. He had been reported for regularly following women along the streets, sometimes to their front doors. With witnesses placing him at the scene on 26 April and their investigative knowledge, police arrested him on 25 May 2000.

A few days after his arrest, they realised that Bulsara was also known by other names including Thomas Palmer and Steve Majors. Barry Bulsara was just another alias – his real name was Barry Michael George, a man with a criminal record for sexual assault. In his apartment, police found a large collection of books and magazines on BBC celebrities, the military and guns. He also had a collection of photographs taken from his television screen of female news readers. He had a collection of cut-out newspaper articles referring to Dando's marriage announcement and death. George was held in custody for 84 hours.

While investigating him, police found a small particle of gunpowder residue on the lining of his coat pocket – it was consistent with the gunpowder found in Dando's hair. A strand of fibre at the crime scene also matched the material of a pair of trousers owned by the suspect. However, Dando's neighbour Barry Lindsey told police that the assailant they were looking for was an "a man with olive skin,

dark hair," and who looked like he was of "Mediterranean origin".

On the morning of the murder, Lindsey said he had driven down Gowan Avenue and spotted Dando arguing with a man on her doorstep. Not knowing who Dando was, Lindsey carried on driving. In his rear-view mirror, he recalled the look on Dando's face: "It was one of absolute terror," he told British newspapers. "Her face had gone as white as the coat she was wearing." Despite Lindsey's description of the killer, the force continued to probe and investigate George.

He appeared at West London Magistrates' Court on 29 May 2000, where police were granted an extension to hold him for further questioning before they formally charged him for the murder. He was given a life sentence on 2 July 2001. However, the verdict attracted some criticism from observers who deemed it 'unsafe'. George's lawyers sought to appeal against the verdict, but it would take years before it would be considered.

The Court of Appeal granted George a new hearing in November 2007. The defence team argued that the single particle of gunshot residue in the coat pocket could have appeared as a result of contamination when it was placed on a mannequin and photographed by police as evidence. Ten days later, the Court of Appeal ordered that the conviction be quashed and a retrial to be carried out, which began in June 2008. As a result, George was acquitted in August 2008.



ABOVE Dando's murder featured on the next episode of *Crimewatch*, and it's possible that her work on the show had angered an underworld crime figure, prompting them to take revenge



ABOVE Days before her murder, Jill had received a letter to her dressing room in which she was threatened with rape and murder



Farthing, having learned of his fiancée's death hours later, told the media that he was "devastated" and that he was "unable to comprehend" what had happened to his beloved partner. Less than 24 hours ago the pair had been in Chiswick planning their wedding reception, and now a funeral would be planned instead. Had whoever targeted Dando known she would be at Gowan Avenue that morning? Had they waited and watched until they knew there would be nobody to witness her execution? How did they manage to slip away undetected?

BARRY GEORGE

Before lunchtime on 26 April, witnesses claimed they had seen George loitering around Gowan Avenue. Just after lunchtime he entered Hammersmith and Fulham Action for Disability (HAFAD) offices needing to talk about his mental and physical health problems. "I need help, I need help," he told the administrator. Despite his distressed state, he was informed by staff that nobody could see him that day as he had not made an appointment. From HAFAD, George visited a taxi firm and requested a taxi, but he had no money so was turned away. He stayed at the taxi office, staring out of the window. By luck a driver had to pick up a parcel in the direction George needed to go and took him free of charge.

The day after Dando was killed, George missed an appointment at a local disability centre so that he could lay flowers at the crime scene, claiming to represent his local church. George retraced his steps days later, asking the disability office and taxi firm to verify his time of arrival during his previous visits. Witnesses at HAFAD said George was "threatening" and "intimidating" when he returned. Ramesh Paul, the manager at the taxi firm, said that George had been "talking to himself and to me" uttering that he did not "want the blame". Less than 48 hours later, George returned, asking the manager if he remembered him and the first day he had come in - the day Dando had been murdered. "He asked me if I remembered him, what time he came here, what he looked like, what he was wearing," Paul said. He remembered that George had visited at 1.15pm, but had wanted him to write down the time on a card. Was George trying to establish an alibi? The police would believe so when they caught up with him.

ABOVE This photograph of Barry George dressed in a gas mask and wielding a pistol

was shown as evidence at his

trial for the Dando murder

THE AFTERMATH

GEORGE WAS FREE, BUT POLICE WERE STILL SEARCHING FOR THE REAL KILLER

Despite failed attempts from George's lawyers to accumulate compensation of £1.4 million for his wrongful conviction, George won substantial damages from British tabloid newspapers such as *The Sun, The News of The World* and Mirror Group newspapers over various allegations published about him. Upon his release, he lived in London before moving to Ireland.

In an interview with British newspaper *The Independent*, George said: "I think anyone who has been vilified like me is going to feel very stressed at times and I do. I am not going to say I am angry because I am not angry, certainly not at society. I would use the word disgusted. I am disgusted at how I am treated by certain elements of the media." He also expressed how he has tried to move on with his life and is hopeful he will live to see the real killer charged.

Police continue to search for answers. TV investigator and former police detective Mark Williams-Thomas believes that Dando was killed by orders of an underworld 'Mr Big', and that the man responsible for signing Dando's death warrant was upset with the presenter's work on *Crimewatch* and killed her in order to send a warning to those wanting to crack down on organised crime. His reasons for this belief are the gun being shot at such a close range and the tampered-with bullet casing, so as to leave behind minimal evidence and maximum damage. The assassin's ability to pull off the murder without a single concrete sighting in the middle of the day suggested to him they knew how to execute silently and efficiently.

Others believe it was more political and that she was killed in retaliation by a Serbian because of attacks from NATO, who bombed a state-owned TV station in Belgrade three days before Dando's murder. The widow of a man who was allegedly targeted by hit men working for Serbia's dictator Slobodan Milosevic accused him of holding a grudge against the presenter. She claimed he targeted Dando after she made a TV appeal for Kosovan refugees who had fallen victim to his brutal ethnic cleansing programme in the 1990s. The NATO bombings killed one of Milosevic's close friends. The morning after the murder, a man with an eastern-European accent called the BBC to claim Dando was killed because of the deaths of Serbs in NATO attacks. He said of British Prime Minster Tony Blair's role in the conflict: "He butchered, we butcher back." This theory remains speculation.

Somewhere, somebody knows why Jill Dando was killed. Unfortunately, there is minimal evidence to go on, and as time goes by, witnesses' memories become hazy. In 2015, it was reported that as many as 100 potential suspects have been dismissed by investigators. Among them are members of the Serbian secret service, IRA members and a British gangster based in Spain known only as 'Joe'.

APLAYMATE'S SLAYING

PLAYMATE DOROTHY STRATTEN ENCHANTED THREE MEN. ONE DEVELOPED HER, ONE DIRECTED HER IN FILMS. BUT WHEN THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED HER LOST CONTROL OF DOROTHY'S CAREER AND FORTUNE, HE MURDERED HER

WORDS ROBERT MURPHY



he was just 17 and unaware of her developing beauty. Working in a fast food joint in a rough district, she was shy, unknown, without ambition. A young hustler sat on a plastic chair, mesmerised by this statuesque blonde in a garish uniform. He told his friend, "That girl could make me a lot of money."

Soon, Paul Snider, the 26-year-old pimp, was using every ounce of his low cunning to transform and promote this naïve beauty. No, he didn't want to put her on the street like the other girls: this one was special and Snider had big plans this time – *Playboy* centrefolds, acting. She could be a star, and her fame and glory would provide him with the fortune and connections he deserved.

His street-smart instinct proved right. Soon his stunning 'creation' started to move up the strata of stardom at a pace that dizzied him and bemused her. He managed to grab hold of her hand quickly enough to make her his bride, and the opportunities now appeared, laid before him, in a way Snider's greedy mind had only ever dreamt of. Awards, films, agents, producers -stardom beckoned, and soon the Playboy Mansion would become her home. Los Angeles craved her. But it didn't want him. As Hollywood opened its arms to this dazzling marionette, it held a palm up in the face of her demoralised puppeteer. Bigger players were pulling her strings now, and she was 'The Next Big Thing', the name on the lips of every mover-and-shaker in the film industry.

But after an August afternoon in 1980, mainstream America, the world outside the Hollywood bubble, would forever know her name not because of her beauty, talents or promise, but because of her bloody slaying by the man who had found her. Her name was Dorothy Stratten.

THE MAKING OF A PLAYMATE

If you are under 50, her name may mean little to you. But as the 1970s ended and the 1980s began, she was just the person Hollywood was looking for to represent a new era. The unprotected and sleazy hedonism of the disco decade was ending and producers were on the lookout for a new cohort of female leads to project a more glamorous image, show a little homeliness and be more considerate than the loose, liberated, casual stars of the 70s. Enter a girl next door from the country next door.

Dorothy had a kindness, warmth and charm that belied her tough upbringing in Vancouver, British Columbia. Born Dorothy Hoogstraten in 1960, her Dutch father abandoned her mother and younger brother when she was three years old. Her mother remarried and there was a halfsister, Louise, but when her stepfather broke her brother's arm in a violent rage, Dorothy's mother fled with her children. Her mother worked three jobs in order to buy a small home in Vancouver's rough East district, and the young Dorothy spent her formative years juggling duties mothering her younger siblings and going to school. Yes, she became an A-grade student, but she remained naïve, lacking confidence and savvy. She thought the best of people, and as she transformed from a



"HEFNER WAS BEGUILED BY THE SWEET,
INNOCENT NATURE OF THE GODDESS IN
FRONT OF HIM. BUT OTHERS WERE WORRIED "

gawky teenager into a blossoming woman, she had no idea of the effect she had on men.

She was working tables in a Dairy Queen ice cream outlet in east Vancouver when, one afternoon in 1977, Paul Snider walked through the door. He was known in the neighbourhood as 'the Jewish pimp'. Snider had been procuring girls in town for years. He had tried – and failed – to make his fortune in Los Angeles and was now back in town with his tail between his legs. His fortunes were on a downward spiral. But then he laid eyes upon Dorothy.

After forcing an introduction, he charmed his way into the void in her life left by the father figure she never had. Dorothy had only ever had one boyfriend, and unlike the hopeless youths at school, here was a man who showed at least a little maturity. In her Pulitzer Prize-winning article Death Of A Playmate Teresa Carpenter wrote, "There had never been enough money to buy nice things. And now Paul bought her clothes. He gave her a topaz ring set in diamonds. She could escape to his place, a posh apartment with skylights, plants and deep burgundy furniture. He would buy wine and cook dinner. Afterwards he'd fix hot toddies and play the guitar for her. In public he was an obnoxious braggart; in private he could be a vulnerable, cuddly Jewish boy."

It was now that the machinery of Snider's entrepreneurial mind started whirring into action. He persuaded Dorothy to pose in professional photograph sessions. He knew *Playboy* was looking for a 25th anniversary 'Playmate', so why not this lustrous teenager? Dorothy was under 18, so Snider forged her mother's signature and sent off the pictures.

THE PLAYBOY MANSION CALLS

The call from the Playboy Mansion came straight away, and Hugh Hefner had summoned the teenager to Los Angeles. "That was a big day for me," said Dorothy in a television interview soon after. "They flew me out that Sunday, the first time I was on an aeroplane, they did test shootings with me that same day. They brought me up to Hefner's mansion that same day, it was very exciting, very nerve-wracking."

Hefner was beguiled by the sweet, innocent nature of the goddess in front of him. But others were worried. "She was so eager, so fragile, that I immediately felt this girl's got to be protected," Marilyn Grabowski, *Playboy*'s then-photo editor, later told the Biography Channel. "I met a lot of naïve girls from small towns, but not to the degree Dorothy was."

Hefner saw in her photos and presence the promise Snider had observed in the Dairy Queen months earlier. But there was something more. Although she was a Playmate, a nude centrefold model, Dorothy managed to exude an innocence and glamour. She was sweetly beautiful, she looked five, ten years older than her 18 years. Dorothy was no one's fool, but she thought the best of people.

Hefner did not make Dorothy his 25th Anniversary Playmate, but she came a close second. He did, however, announce she would become Playmate of the Month for August 1979. So in preparation, she would need to move into a cottage in the Playboy Mansion. Dorothy shortened and anglicised her name to Stratten. She had risen from Dairy Queen to beauty queen by hardly trying, relying purely on her natural and effortless grace. Dorothy Stratten and her girlnext-door charm achieved in months what other women had spent years trying and failing to get: a seat at the top table of Hugh Hefner's empire.

When Snider heard the news he flew immediately from Vancouver to Los Angeles. He feared his golden goose would fly and he desperately wanted to regain control, and so he persuaded a now-cautious Dorothy to marry him. Dorothy told a reluctant Hefner about the proposal. He had Snider checked out and was angered by the petty-criminal's record, but there was little he could do – Dorothy felt obligated to the man who had discovered her, and so the young Dorothy and Snider were married in Las Vegas on 1 June 1979.

Hugh Hefner later told the Biography Channel, "Anything you could say of Dorothy, the opposite was true of Paul. Dorothy made this incredible impression, everyone loved her. And almost everyone was put off by Paul." Paul was tolerated because of his charming wife. He spent many days of that summer at the Playboy Mansion, but Hefner kept his distance. As Dorothy's star started to shine, Snider remained an unwelcome guest. He knew it, and he feared losing control of his bride and her future fortune. "He was obsessed with her. He went everywhere, watched everything she did. He was on-the-scene. I was telling Paul, you're going to strangulate her, but this was a deep psychological and emotional need in him. He invested everything into one relationship," his friend Chip Clark later said.

Hefner had always dreamed that one of his playmates would have crossover success, that a girl he had discovered would go on to also become a mainstream celebrity. Famous actresses had shed their clothes for his magazine, but he had never taken an unknown and made her a star.

FROM CENTREFOLD TO CINEMA

The acting parts soon started coming Dorothy's way. She featured in episodes of television series such as *Buck Rogers* and *Fantasy Island*. There were films too, including bit-part roles in *Americathon* and *Skatetown, USA*. Soon on the horizon was a lead-role. Sure, it was only to be a sci-fi B-movie called *Galaxina*, but it was still a lead role.

And it was a film-maker who would profoundly alter the course of Dorothy Stratten's life. It happened at a party at the Playboy Mansion. In walked the 40-year-old director Peter Bogdanovich, who a few years earlier had scored

a hit and an Academy Award nomination for his 1971 movie *The Last Picture Show*. Mesmerised, he went over to Dorothy and started talking. She asked him what he did, unaware of his famed talent or reputation.

Bogdanovich was working on a film that would start shooting the following year, which was to star Audrey Hepburn and John Ritter. Its title was *They All Laughed*. "I took a small part which had been in the picture and I had an idea to expand it and put an entire plotline in. All because of her," Bogdanovich said later.

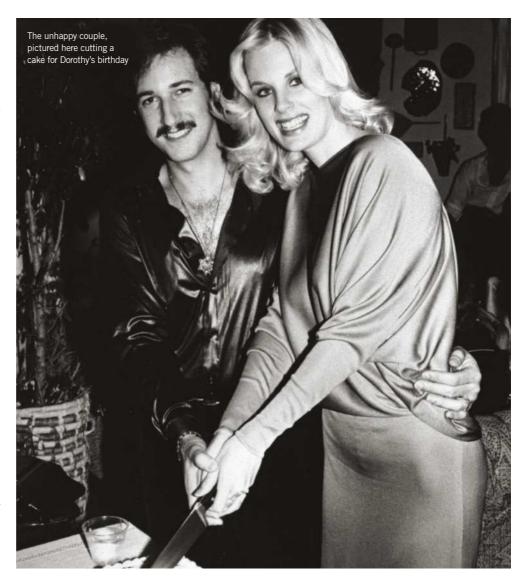
Snider was calling himself Dorothy's manager, but it became clear that bigger boys were taking care of her business. "He could never compete with any of the movie producers because he didn't have the finances, the nice homes, the cars, the connections," said his brother Jeff. "When a person knows they're inadequate and they can feel that inside, but they won't say anything and they'll try to put up a front – he probably did that. He put his best face on. When really, inside, he was probably crying." This was compounded when another of his imaginative get-rich schemes was taken away from him. Snider founded a troupe of hunky male strippers and started promoting them

in Los Angeles. He called them 'The Chippendales' – but soon business associates managed to remove him from their nascent success.

Dorothy went to New York to start shooting her scenes in *They All Laughed*. She and Bogdanovich had stolen a kiss back in Los Angeles, but this grew into a full-blown love affair in Manhattan, and she soon moved into his hotel suite. Snider was left living off his dreams of greatness and Dorothy's paltry allowance back in LA. All her income was being paid into a management company but he, her husband and manager, was not an officer.

Dorothy was named 'Playmate of the Year' for 1980 – the first holder of the title in this new, different, more thoughtful decade. She also won more than \$100,000 worth of cash and prizes, including a luxury bath, a car and a mink coat. A lavish party was thrown at The Playboy Mansion. In her acceptance speech she thanked "her other half" – but she did not mean her husband, who sat glaring in the audience, but the photographer Mario Casilli.

Later, as she sat looking at a book of her pictures for the assembled press photographers, Snider tried to hold her hand. She gently and







subtly pulled it away and asked a Playboy executive to get him away from her.

A HUSBAND'S PARANOIA

Dorothy went on a promotional tour and was in her home city of Vancouver when her lawyers sent Snider a letter demanding separation. She closed their joint account and he found himself cut off. When she returned to New York to finish shooting her scenes for *They All Laughed*, Snider sent two friends to spy on Dorothy. They confirmed that she was spending nights in Bogdanovich's suite.

The final straw came when he tried to get into the Playboy Mansion but was refused entry. Los Angeles had opened its doors to Dorothy Stratten, but slammed them in the face of Snider.

As often happens in the blackest of stories, fact mirrored fiction. Snider hired a private detective to watch Dorothy when she returned to LA. The plot of *They All Laughed* involves private eyes and infidelity in marriages. The private detective watched Dorothy for days. It was a time of intensive negotiation for future roles – a part in *Charlie's Angels* was on the cards, and there was the offer to play Marilyn Monroe in a TV movie. Snider, meanwhile, bought a 12-gauge Mossberg pump shotgun after seeing it advertised in San Fernando Valley.

On July 30 he waited outside Bogdanovich's mansion in Bel Air. The director and Dorothy did not return that night, so Snider fired two rounds into the building. Dorothy agreed to meet Snider on Thursday 14 August at the home Snider rented with a doctor. She did not tell Bogdanovich she was going to see her estranged and increasingly unstable husband, but she did drop her sister

Louise off at the beach, saying she would pick her up at 2pm. Dorothy arrived at Snider's house at 12.30pm. It was a beige two-storey rental next to a freeway. His bedroom was on the ground floor. At 2pm, Louise Stratten was at the beach, waiting for Dorothy to pick her up. But her sister never showed up.

Later in the afternoon, the private detective kept trying Snider's phone. No reply. By the evening, Snider's flatmate returned. He grew increasingly worried by the non-stop ringing in Snider's bedroom so he broke down the door. Police reports describe little blood on the walls or around the room. Both of the bodies were naked. Dorothy was crouched over the bed, her knees on the floor. She had been shot once, above her left eye. Her skull was shattered. Death would have been instantaneous. After taking Dorothy's life, Snider then took what remained of her dignity, sodomising her corpse. His bloody handprints were found on her buttocks and left leg.

Snider was found lying on the floor, face-down over the gun. He had one bullet wound, which entered through the bottom of his skull. He was gripping strands of long blonde hair in his bloodstained hands.

The private detective was there before the police. He called Hefner, who told Bogdanovich the news by telephone. This was the darkest day in Playboy's long history. It remains so. They tried, desperately, to pull photos of their new star from the latest edition, but it was too late, it had gone to print. Playmates had died before, or gone off the rails. But Dorothy Stratten had affected Hefner in a way few of his other models had. There is no public evidence that they had a sexual relationship. He said she was not a "loose lady".

"LA OPENED ITS DOORS TO DOROTHY STRATTEN, BUT SLAMMED THEM IN THE FACE OF SNIDER "

More likely, he saw her as a daughter-figure. As for Bogdanovich? He crumbled. He was forced to spend months in an editing suite, cutting shots of his lover, looking at her face and her body on the screen in front of him. In the end *They All Laughed* flopped. It is known now more for its grisly backstory than for any artistic merit. Bogdanovich supported Dorothy's family. He went to Vancouver, and he spent four years writing a book about Dorothy, called *The Killing Of The Unicorn*. In 1988 the 49-year-old would marry Dorothy's sister Louise, who was by then 20. Their marriage lasted 13 years.

With different intentions, three men had wrestled for control over Dorothy Stratten. None, it appears, had their young subject's best interests at heart. The Playboy emperor saw her as a way to move his corporation with the times, to redefine its look with a more wholesome image. The director became besotted with a malleable model half his age. But mostly the pimp who 'found' her. The man who saw in her his fortune, his ticket to the big time. If she were to outgrow him, leave him behind, then no one could have her. She was his creation. His thing. Dorothy Stratten, just 20 years old, naïve, kind and beautiful, paid for her estranged husband's savage, paranoid narcissism with her life.



THEY STOLE \$10 MILLION ROBBING KIMILLION KARDASHIAN

IT TOOK NERVE TO ACCESS THE REALITY TV STAR'S HOTEL ROOM AND FLEECE HER OF A FORTUNE IN JEWELLERY, BUT WERE THE ROBBERS PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS OR JUST ORDINARY, STREETWISE OPPORTUNISTS?

WORDS BEN BIGGS

urope is home to the diamond capital of the world, the Antwerp diamond district in Belgium. Hundreds of jewellery shops are squeezed into a single square mile of city that has an annual turnover (around \$40 billion) comparable to the gross domestic product of some South American countries. Most of the trade is legitimate, but a small fraction - millions of dollars worth of diamonds - are diamonds that are being fenced to unscrupulous or unwitting dealers. For European criminal gangs, that's a very attractive slice of the market. So when the world's most famous reality television star announced that she was attending Paris Fashion Week in October 2016, some very unsavoury types paid attention. Kim Kardashian West's Instagram account has over 100 million followers and ahead of her visit to Paris, photos of her festooned with glittering jewellery worth millions that including a boulder of a diamond engagement ring worth around \$4 million, were posted online.

Kim and part of her entourage – including her sister Kourtney, assistant Stephanie Sheppard and stylist Simone Harouche – were staying in two separate hotels. Kim and Simone were at the Hôtel de Pourtalès, the 'no address hotel' not far from Saint-Lazare train station and a short walk to the fashionable Rue Cambon. It prides itself on providing luxury rooms with relative anonymity for the stars that stay there; Kim's husband Kanye West had an apartment there and she had stayed once before. But while the hotel might have been a haven from mobs of star-struck fans and hounding paparazzi, there was no CCTV in and around the building and little in the way of security otherwise. Even Kim's own small, three-man security team was split between her and her sisters. This was certainly not a suitably secure location for the incredibly valuable jewellery Kim kept inside, which she had made very public knowledge of.

For most people, celebrity seems to bring with it a kind of untouchability, as if this status elevates normal human beings above the mundane. But the organised criminals who launched their brazen heist in the early hours of 3 October didn't care who Kim Kardashian West was. All they knew was that the "rapper's wife" had dropped her guard and that the kind of loot that would normally be holed up in a safe or under armed escort somewhere was a few menacing threats away from being theirs.

THE ORGANISED CRIMINALS WHO LAUNCHED THEIR BRAZEN HEIST IN THE EARLY HOURS OF 3 OCTOBER DIDN'T CARE WHO KIM KARDASHIAN WEST WAS 122



The anonymous entrance to Hôtel de Pourtalès, where Kim Kardashian West was robbed. There was no guard on the door at the time

3 OCTOBER 2016

00.00

At around midnight, Kim Kardashian West returns from a day at Paris Fashion Week with her sister Kourtney and assistant Stephanie Sheppard to her apartment at the 'no address hotel' on Rue Tronchet.



00.30

Kourtney and Stephanie get ready for a night out in Paris, changing their outfits and fixing themselves up. Kim, however, decides she isn't coming and instead goes upstairs to work on her computer. Simone is in her room downstairs, asleep.

01.00

The two girls leave the apartment and Kim sends her bodyguard, Pascal Duvier, to look after both her sisters (Kendall Jenner is also in town). At this point Kim would be a least a little jetlagged and it's unlikely she was feeling sleepy, so she continued working.

02.19

Several figures are captured on a CCTV camera that points down an alleyway near Rue Tronchet. They're on bicycles or on foot and seem innocent enough. And at this moment, they are.

02.50

Just before 3AM, five men disguised as policemen dupe the receptionist into giving them access through the main doors to Hôtel de Pourtalès. Once inside, they wave guns in the concierge's face, asking, "Where's the rapper's wife?"

02.52

Kim hears raised voices from inside the building and becomes concerned.





02.53

Two of the robbers force the concierge to give them access to the lift up to Kim's apartment, which requires a keycard and a security code. 02.56

Kim hears noises and footsteps outside her door. She shouts, "Who's there?" When no-one answers, she calls her bodyguard. 02.57

Looking through the spyhole of her front door, she sees two men wearing items of police uniform and ski masks, one with ski goggles on. She also sees the concierge with them, held in handcuffs.

03.00

The men gain access through the armoured door to Kim's apartment using the concierge's master key. Naked beneath her bathrobe, she feels vulnerable as they cable tie and gaffer tape her hands and legs, then her mouth. She fears being raped or killed and begs for her life, saying that she has babies at home. The men frisk the apartment for the goods they know are there.

3.08

Kim's mobile phone suddenly buzzes as her bodyguard returns the call Kim made just before the robbery. Having found several million dollars worth of jewellery, the robbers make a sharp exit with their valuable haul.







THE ROBBERS WERE AFTER CASH.
WHEN THEY FOUND ONLY 1,000 EUROS,
THEY MADE OFF WITH A FORTUNE IN
GEMSTONES AND GOLD

LOUIS VUITTON JEWELLERY BOX (containing smaller items)

\$5 MILLION



LORRAINE SCHWARTZ DIAMOND RING

S25_000

CARTIER BRACELETS \$65.000

JACOB DIAMOND CROSS PENDANT \$40,000

\$10.000



03.11

Some of the robbers are recorded on street CCTV with their bikes, moving away from the hotel.

03.15

Somehow, Kim frees herself from her bonds and goes to the balcony to scream for help, having tried phoning 911 for emergency services (it's 112 in Europe). Simone wakes up, realises that something is amiss and phones Kim's bodyguard.

ABOVE Kim's robbery was one of a recent spate and the biggest in Paris in years

03.40

In Queens, New York at around 21.40 local time, rapper Kanye West cuts short his gig at the Meadows Music & Arts Festival, telling the crowd, "I'm sorry. I have a family emergency. I have to stop the show."

04.30

French police finally arrive at the scene and begin to take statements from Kim as well as other witnesses. Kim refuses to be taken to the station for an interview, telling the police she wishes to return home immediately, so her interview is conducted on the spot.

10.00

Kim flies back to New York on a private jet, where she is met by a huge security detail that escorts her back to her Manhattan apartment.

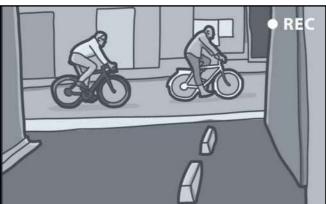


STALK, STRIKE, GETAWAY, FENCE

THE POLICE CONSIDERED THE ROBBERS "HIGHLY ORGANISED" BUT KIM THOUGHT THEY WERE YOUNG AND 'INEXPERIENCED'

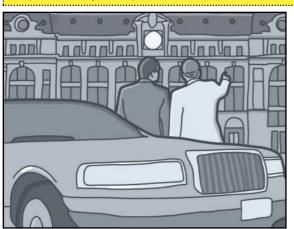


3 "WHERE IS THE RING?"
Having forced their way into the building, two robbers enter the apartment. Both wear hoods and one wears ski goggles. He instructs Kim to sit on her bed, asking her where her 20-carat ring is. When Kim tells him she doesn't know, he points a gun at her. She points to the bedside table. Having retrieved the ring, they bind Kim in the bathtub, then leave.



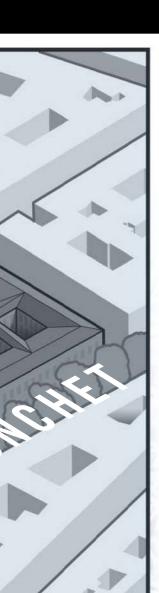
2 SUSPICIOUS CYCLISTS

Five robbers approach Hôtel de Pourtalès on bicycles and are SUSPICIOUS CYCLISTS recorded on a side-street CCTV. Either they're complete amateurs, oblivious to the cameras and using the lowest means of getaway vehicle possible, or this is a fairly cunning and elaborate cover designed to make the police think they are complete amateurs.



DODGY DUO Having followed Kim Kardashian West around for several days during her time in Paris, the paparazzi assigned to tail the entourage note a suspicious pair, one in a car and one on a scooter. They tell the Kardashians' security. A black car with two suspicious men is also spotted outside Saint-Lazare train station.

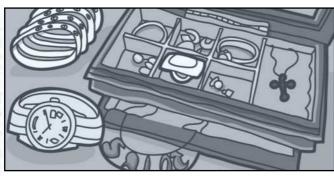








5 INTO THE Finally, the robbers are recorded cycling away from the car park and the scene of the crime. One of them drops Kim's diamond cross pendant and appears to search for it, before escaping. Cops think this could also be part of the ruse.



\$10 MILLION TALLY

The true value of the items is in some dispute between Kim Kardashian West and the insurers (who place it closer to \$5M), but these 'hot' items are only worth a fraction of this estimate to the thieves. To facilitate the sale, they broke them down. The precious metal settings were melted into an ingot weighing 800g, worth about \$30K. Jeweller marks were removed from the stones, which would've ended up in Antwerp except the 20-carat gem, which was too easily identified.





"THERE WAS NO REAL SECURITY AT ALL"

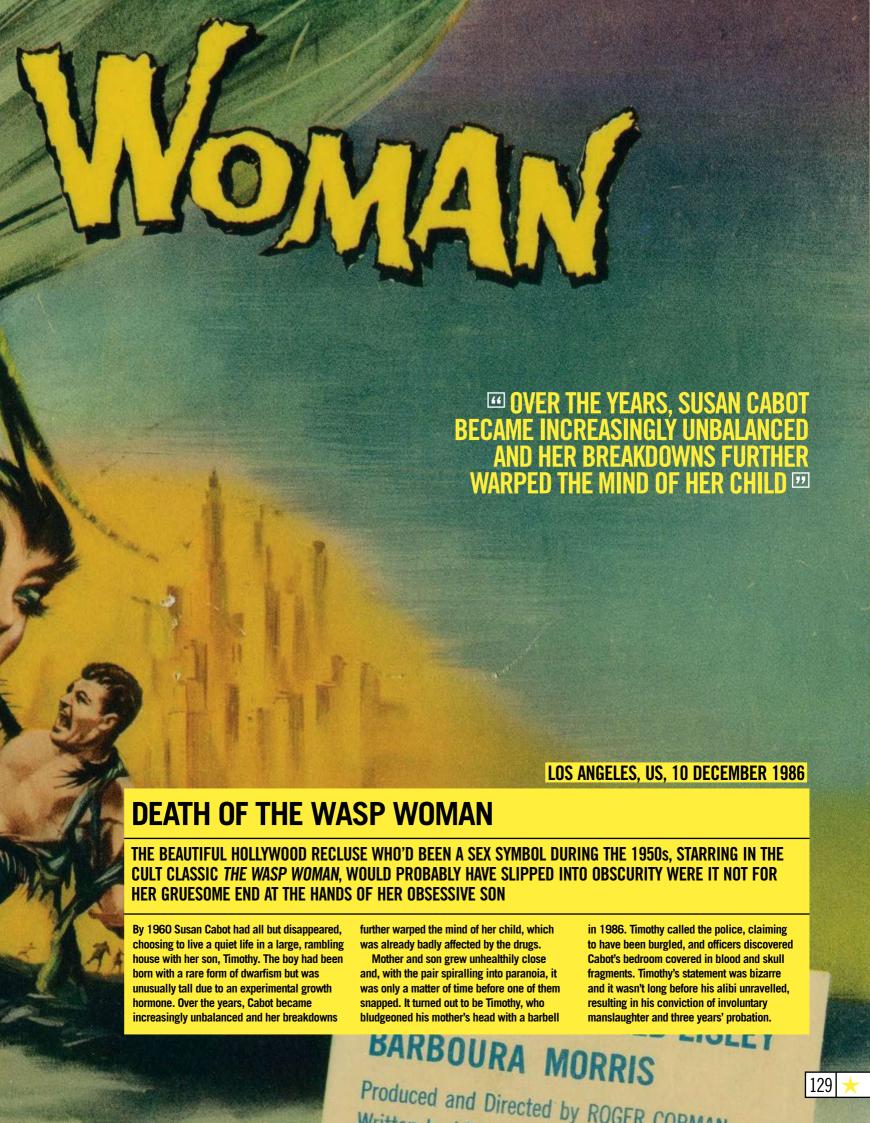
FRENCH POLICE HAVE THEIR ARRESTS, BUT WITH NO REAL ANSWERS TO THE BIGGEST QUESTIONS AND NO HOPE OF SEEING THE JEWELLERY AGAIN, THEY MIGHT BE THE ONLY SATISFIED PARTIES IN THIS CASE

That Kim Kardashian West had become a victim of an organised robbery wasn't implausible in itself, but investigators and journalists very quickly began to ask questions about some of the dubious facts of the case. Like, how did Kim free herself from her tough zip-tie bonds so quickly, with no sign of injury to her wrists? Why didn't any of the neighbours hear her screaming from the balcony? Did she really think it wise to send her security detail away with her sister without making arrangements to have guards cover the building? And the multi-million dollar question: despite the anonymity provided by Hôtel de Pourtalès, why was Kim staying at a place with inadequate security for the precious jewellery kept inside? Even the hotel concierge himself went on record to say that "there was no real security at all. It's a choice... We told them years and years before, you have to make a camera, you have to put [in place] a security process, about keys. Nothing was locked, there was no proper security there. Everyone knew it."

Three alternate theories surfaced, one of which - that the entire incident was a staged publicity stunt for Kim's show was swiftly crushed when the formidable Kardashian West legal team successfully sued MediaTakeOut.com. The other two, that it was either an inside job or even an insurance job, are harder to subdue. In any case, Kim and her husband Kanye parted ways with their bodyguard a month later.

In January 2017, 17 people were arrested in connection with the crime, five of whom were suspected of being the robbers and one, the getaway driver who spirited the robbers away after they abandoned their bicycles. French police think that both the use of Vélib bicycles, which are slow city hire bikes, and the street drama over losing the less valuable diamond cross pendant were both part of a ruse designed to convince the cops they were dealing with amateur opportunists. As far as they're concerned, they've captured a gang of experienced criminals who organised the biggest robbery of an individual in 20 years.





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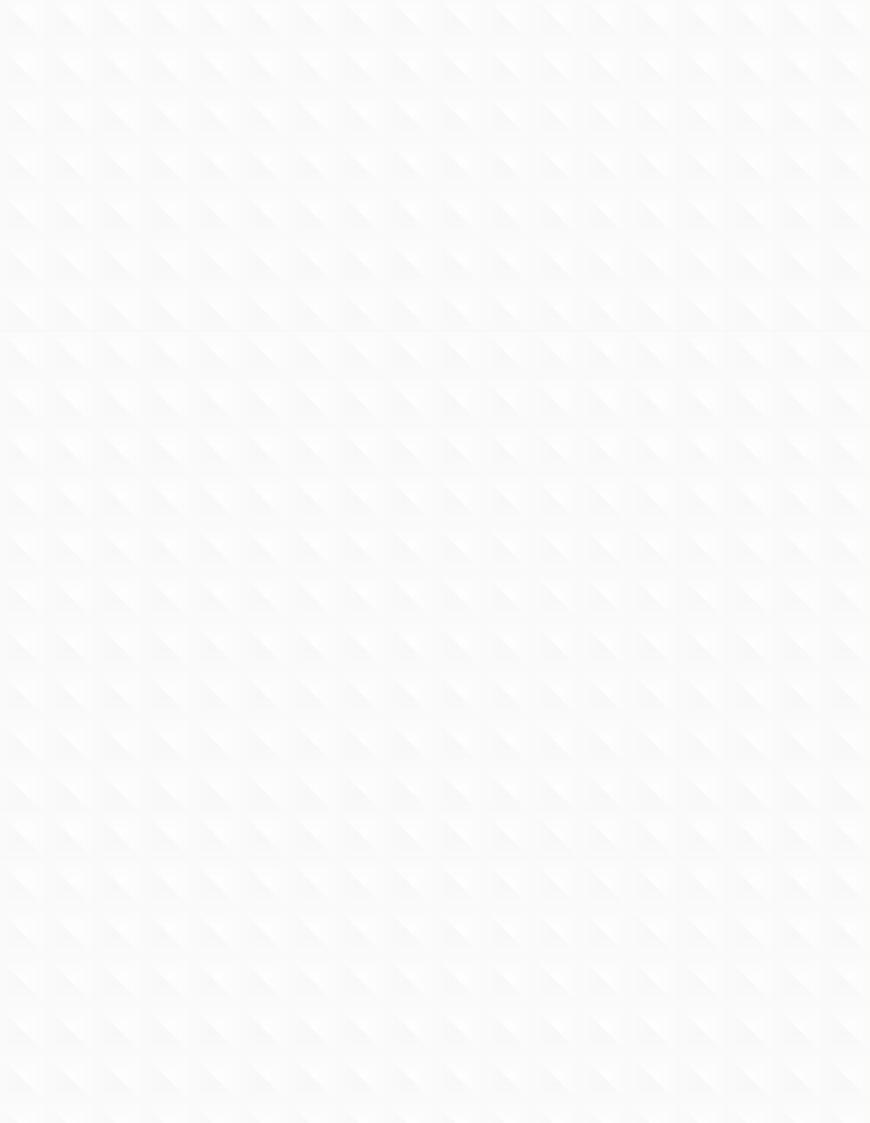


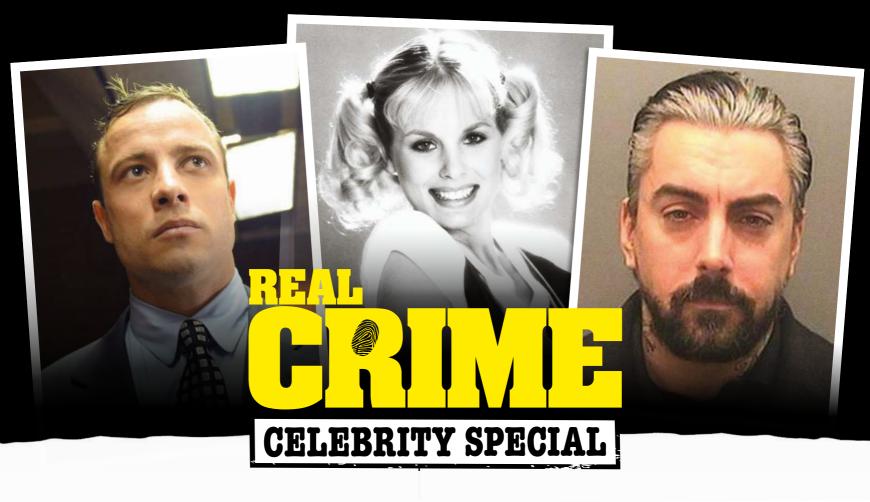
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KILLING CHAOS

MURDER AND MAYHEM IN THE BLACK METAL MUSIC SCENE



UNHEALTHY COMPETITION

HOW A RIVALRY ON THE ICE SPIRALLED OUT OF CONTROL



STAR-CROSSED LOVERS

LISA NOWAK'S UNBRIDLED RAGE WAS OUT OF THIS WORLD